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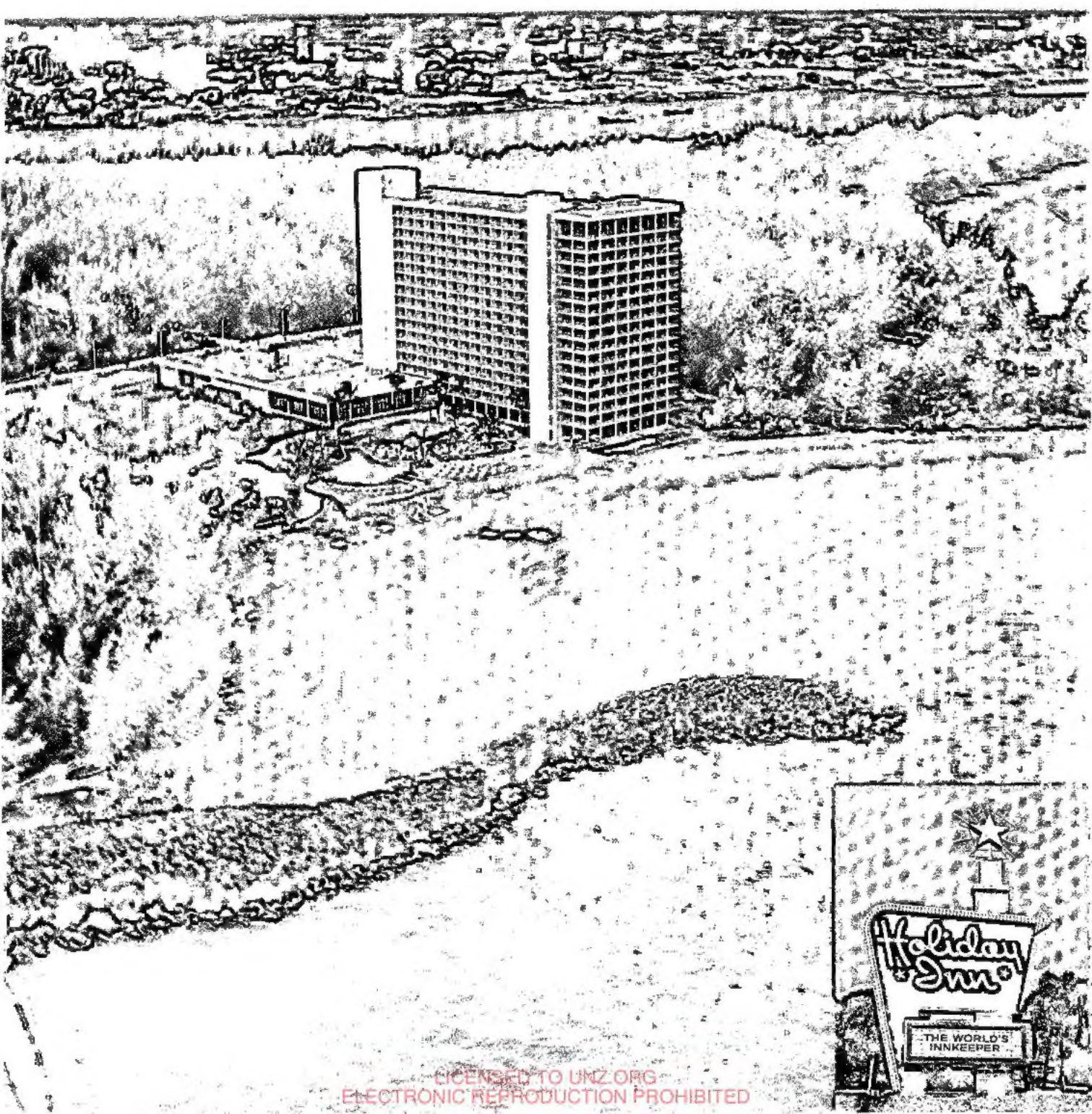

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FRONTIER TIMES

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December-January, 1975

Volume 49, No. 1

New Series No. 93

True Stories of the West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."— Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Jim Bones

Golden lichen on rock in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, New Mexico

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THANKS A HEAP, BY GOLLY!

THE TIME I am writing this is early September and things are popping all over the world. Just about everything you hear, read, or think about is BAD. This confounded inflation thing has even got the Bull Durham rollers worried. (For you youngsters, Bull Durham was, and maybe still is, a tobacco that you rolled on your own and it makes a plumb fair cigarette. Better than smoking grapevines anytime.)

Inflation has already got two magazines in our field and several more are looking around for somebody to make them an offer. So I think it is time to thank you readers for what you are doing to help *us*.

I am feeling so good about the letters we are receiving now that I may get a little silly, so please bear with me. Even with "hard times and depression" being mentioned on the newscasts and in newspapers, our subscriptions, book orders, back issue orders and the whole works are holding up. The only thing that has dropped some is our newsstand sales. If we can hold them where they are—or maybe get them boosted up a little, we can weather out the dadburndest storm, depression, and anything else except a complete downfall of the nation—which we just can't afford to let happen. If everybody starts running scared, *it could*.

You know, for years I have asked our readers to "Pull 'Em Out!" on the newsstands since a magazine just can't sell if it is covered up. You have done a wonderful job on this. Some of you good folks have possibly gone a little too far and put them up in front of the really big magazines—and that sort of makes the distributor cuss under his breath because he wants them to stay in the general vicinity of where they are but he doesn't mind them being *uncovered*.

Here is an example that just came in twenty minutes ago of the kind of help that will see us through just about anything. In our letters department and in my so-called "editorials" we try to keep too many "Your magazines are terrific, wonderful, the best thing that has happened since (fill in anything that you think is the best thing that has happened since. . . .)" because that's pretty monotonous stuff for the average reader. But here is this one, just about like it came in.

"Dear Joe and all, Thank you wonderful people who publish the best western magazines I've ever read. That old FRONTIER TIMES (Hunter's) is absolutely outstanding.

"I have lived in this neighborhood about a year and find your magazine not displayed in the most prominent space. Therefore, I found a *front* shelf about four and a half feet high. I made room for all three of your western magazines displayed together. In about two weeks they were all gone. Today I looked again and that spot is still vacant so I am hoping to get the same space when the new ones come in. These people have one of the biggest displays of magazines I have ever seen. I will continue to do this for you and for my own pleasure and benefit. Hope you much personal health and happiness.—Jean Allen, 1027 Eye Street, Bakersfield, California 93304.

Sonofagundoggone! How in the doublehootenannying heck can any business fail with that kind of cooperation! So if you gents and gentle sweet ladies will continue tapping old Dobbin on the rump with your whup, we'll get this buggy through rains, snow and muddy gullies.

I'm kind of surprised, though, that they are letting Jean get by with giving us full display. Maybe there are so many magazines on that newsstand that they just haven't noticed it. From an all around standpoint, the best thing is to let them stay where they are, but pull them out to where people can see them—we are getting new readers all the time who didn't know we existed.

Also, I am going to tell you a secret—if you have a few extra bucks it wouldn't hurt a thing to send some gift subscriptions, and renew or extend your own. It actually won't hurt us a bit! With everything falling out like it is, I would kinda hate to put two to fifty dollars into gift subscriptions like some of you are, but you've got my personal guarantee that this money won't be wasted 'cause we are gaining ground in the face of all this hardship stuff because of *you*—every dang one of you!

I just never could stand to see a grown man cry. So maybe I better stop flabbergasting off at the mouth or I might start bawling like a kid in appreciation, and you would think old Hosstail had lost his goobers.

So for now, see you in February TRUE WEST.—"Hosstail"

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FRONTIER POST

Taxes, Treasures and Trophies

About twenty years ago, my family became interested in buying resort property. They were especially attracted to a beach lot on the Texas Gulf Coast. After checking to learn who held title to the property, a letter was sent to the out-of-state owner. The reply is a masterpiece of reminiscence.

"My answer to your inquiry is a polite 'No,' and this is a duplicate to all the other 'No' answers having been sent to previous inquirers.

"I'm not money-hungry, and I'm not hanging on to the property for better odds.

"Some men like to decorate the wall with the head of a moose or some other wild creature, so they can brag about the hunt. Well, this lot of mine is my moosehead—my trophy, so to speak. It serves to remind me that Texas was once my home state.

"The lot is a constant reminder of my younger days. I was eighteen years old when I left home. After enlisting in the U. S. Cavalry, I arrived in Texas in 1908, reporting to the 3rd Cavalry in Fort Clark.

"I wanted to go West to see cowboys and Indians. I saw both. The cowboys I saw at the railroad station, dressed in dirty overalls. The Indians I saw at Fort Clark, where there was a troop of Seminoles serving with us in the Cavalry.

"I was sent to Del Rio when Madera tried to take the reigns of government from President Diaz in Mexico. We combed Texas—Comstock, Eagle Pass, Painted Caves. (Those .38/55 Winchester bullets with the small 'x' on the nose made a nice entry but an ugly exit.)

"In 1911 I was with the 15th Cavalry in Virginia, but returned to Texas in November of that year. We arrived in El Paso just as all hell broke loose in Juarez, when Pancho Villa rolled downhill without steam, and gave his countrymen a surprise party.

"In 1915 I bought the property you inquired about. The mind refuses to believe I was once young and adventurous. But the fact that I'm paying taxes on that lot proves my past is real, and not just an old memory creating false illusions. Hence, my 'No' still stands. I'll keep my trophy." (Signed) G. J. P., Jamaica, New York."

A man's possessions are not necessarily measured by value and tangibility. The real importance lies in the dreams attached. I've never really bothered to check on the history this man recounted. The sentiment far outweighs any of the historical events mentioned.

In a sense, he did not "possess" his property. Living so far away, he could not visit the land after buying it. Yet it was *his* because memory held it for him—held it close. He paid taxes on a memory. Such a treasure no man can take away—by title, default or fraud.—Ruth Oliver, 1527 Broadway, Galveston, Texas 77550

Kimberly

Please refer to July 1974 FRONTIER TIMES, article by George Thompson. He states "Kimberly gold was shipped in bars 6"x 10"x 10", etc." There are several statements that don't check out. A bar of gold of these dimensions would weigh over 400 pounds. Paragraph three, page 54 implies they weighed 87 pounds. With gold weighing 0.696 pounds per cubic inch, it appears some mistake has been made.—Calvin C. Cooper, 5606 NE 34th Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97211

Author's Reply: Your letter to Western Publications has been sent to me and I thank you for pointing out the discrepancy regarding the weights of the gold bar which reportedly was lost. My error was in not being more precise; in the interest of keeping the readers' interest I did not go into enough detail. The bars shipped from the Annie Laurie Mine were as described, 6"x 10"x 10" in size, but bars from other mines or mills were not necessarily of this size. The bar reportedly lost weighed 87 pounds as stated, but was not from the Annie Laurie Mine. I understand that it was approximately 4¼"x 4¼"x 5" in size, and was probably from the Sevier Consolidated Mill. I neglected to point this out.

It may also be of interest to you that so-called gold bars were usually not really gold at all, but were bullion or amalgam, bullion being a combination of gold, silver, and perhaps lead or copper, while amalgam contained quicksilver or mercury. This of course accounts for different bars, or bars from different mines or mills being of different weights. And the word "bars" is misleading, for more often than not these bars were round, or oval shaped; having been poured in a rough sand mold, some were quite irregular in shape.

Let me thank you for your letter and your interest in the story. Kimberly was a very exciting and interesting place, and now as a ghost town it is still a place I like to visit. If you have any other questions or comments, let me hear from you and if you anticipate being in the Kimberly area, drop me a line and I will try to point out a few other places of interest in that area.—George A. Thompson.

☆ ☆ ☆

"Queen of the Utah Gold Camps" (July FRONTIER TIMES) was a surprising bonanza for me. I am writing a detailed history of this amazing old town and facts are hard to come by.

The buildings are all gone and the townsite has been reclaimed by the elements. Most of the records have been lost or destroyed, and few photographs were ever taken of the Kimberly area. Very little was ever written about the town.

I would be most grateful for any stories, records, documents, photos, or names of people who might guide me to any of these items concerning Kimberly and the Gold Mountain area. It is sad that so much of this heritage has been lost.—Dean F. Herring, 625 Sterling Drive, Eugene, Oregon 97404

Annie Pearl Carter

The West has lost an old-timer who was well liked by all who were fortunate enough to know her. She was born Annie Pearl Hood in Lincoln County, New Mexico on September 6, 1888. She moved to Indian Territory with her family when she was six years old. The Hood family settled at Cold Springs which was near where the old Santa Fe trail crossed the Cimarron River. She grew to womanhood there in the extreme west end of what is now known as the Oklahoma Panhandle. She and her family were personally acquainted with many of the cowboys of the old XIT Ranch.

She married Charles Fletcher Carter at Kenton, Oklahoma on March 30, 1909. I spent many pleasant hours just listening to her tell of the old days at Kenton.

Mrs. Carter had many pen pals with whom she swapped stories of the early days and thoroughly enjoyed corresponding with anyone who happened to be living in any of the places where she had lived. She corresponded with Ike Osteen of Boise City, Oklahoma for several years, and he located an old cave near Kenton in which Mrs. Carter and her sister and brothers had played when they were children, just from instructions she gave him in a letter. Old camp equipment left there by some traveler was still there when Mr. Osteen found it just a couple years ago. They were the same things the kids had played with so many years before.

She loved to poke around in old ghost towns and wrote one very interesting story about an old town she and some friends explored. She wrote some very good poetry during her last years and also wrote stories of her life in the pioneer days. Some of them were published in your magazines—"The Hoods of Cold Springs" in the November 1970 FRONTIER TIMES and "Finding A Hideout Cave" in the September 1971 issue of FRONTIER TIMES.

I am very happy that I was privileged to know her and be able to hear some of the straight facts of the Early West. Being an historian of sorts myself, it meant a lot to me. Her sharp wit and keen sense of humor always livened up any social gathering that she attended and made many friends who mourn her and will miss her for some time to come. Carl A. Osborn, Box 507, Rifle, Colorado 81650

(Continued on page 38)

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Curly, I gotta good mind t'give this periodicul fer Christmas. Us big cattlemen have had a rough year but I ain't gonna cut down on my friends...
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Jim Bruner

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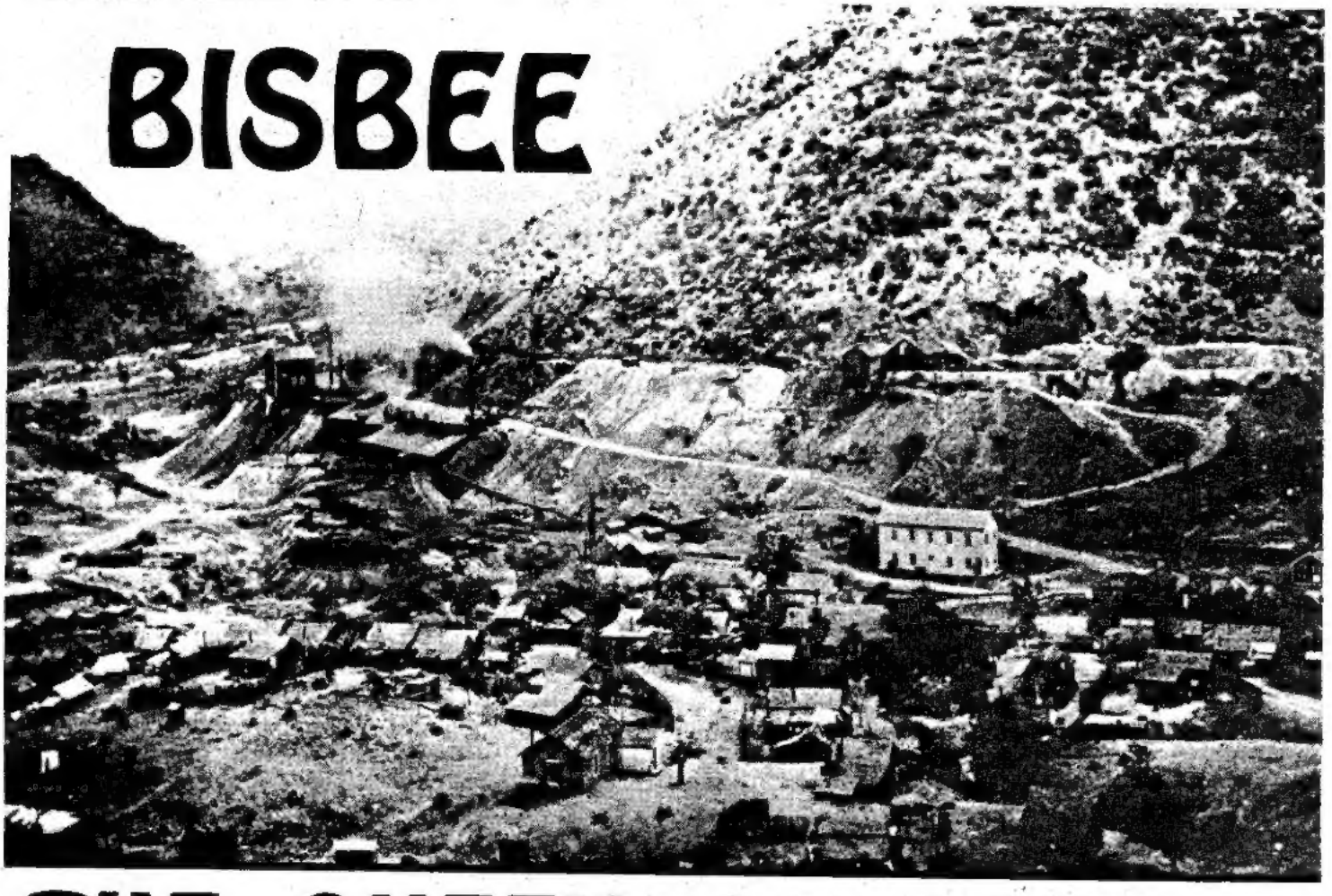
BISBEE



THE QUEEN OF COPPER

—and like many another camp, born under the great triumvirate of Booze, Sweat, and Tears . . .

BY DALE F. UNDERWOOD

Photos Courtesy Author

A haggard, travel-stained civilian drug his weary feet toward the gates of Fort Bowie in Arizona Indian Territory. The sentry challenged him, but in the custom of the frontier, did so in a friendly manner.

"I'm George Warren," said the stranger, removing his rumpled hat from a shock of tousled brown hair. He used his hat to beat the dust from his tattered clothes. "Guess I don't look like much. I ran out of grub where I've been prospecting—could I get something to eat?"

"Sure!" said the sentry, and added, "say, there's a lieutenant and a sergeant who are looking for a prospector. You go over to the mess hall in that building, and tell them you want to see Lieutenant Rucker or Sergeant Dunn."

George Warren was busy bolting down a plate of beef, beans and biscuits when both Sergeant Dunn and Lieutenant Rucker came hurrying into the mess hall. Warren emptied his cup of coffee in a gulp and wiped his mouth and whiskered face with the back of his hand. He rose and grasped Sergeant Dunn's hand.

"They tell me you are a prospector," said Dunn as he stood, his six-foot eight-inch frame towering over George Warren. "You sure ought to be able to handle tools with those big hands."

"Yes," said Warren as he looked up at Dunn, "I'm a prospector. Been at it for years. My name is George Warren."

"Where did you come from?" queried Sergeant Dunn, speaking with a New England accent, his army-trained eyes surveying Warren from his unshaven face and dusty, ragged clothes to his worn-out shoes.

"That is a story you may find hard to believe." Warren's eyes twinkled and his lips produced a broad smile. "My mother died in St. Louis when I was a boy. My father was a teamster here in the West, so I came out with him." Warren's smile disappeared into a frown. "Then the Apaches killed him and took me. I lived with them for a long time, and learned their ways and language. One day I was with three of them when a bunch of white men trapped us. Finally they agreed not to harm the Indians if they would let me go. They haggled, and at last traded the Indians twenty-five pounds of sugar for me."

"That is an unusual story," Rucker commented.

"Yes. I always said afterwards that I was only worth twenty-five pounds of sugar!" Warren chuckled. "The sentry told me you were looking for a prospector. Well, those men who traded for me were prospectors, and they taught me what to look for and how to drill and blast."

"We have a claim we want worked." Rucker now seated himself across the table from Warren and motioned for Dunn and Warren to also be seated. "I think Sergeant Dunn can tell you more about it because I don't know much about mining."

"A few months ago," said Dunn, taking a sheet of paper and a pencil from his pocket, "we were over on Mule Pass scouting after a bunch of Apaches. Do you know where that is?"

"Sure, about six miles from the Mexican border," Warren showed confidence. "I've been all over that country."

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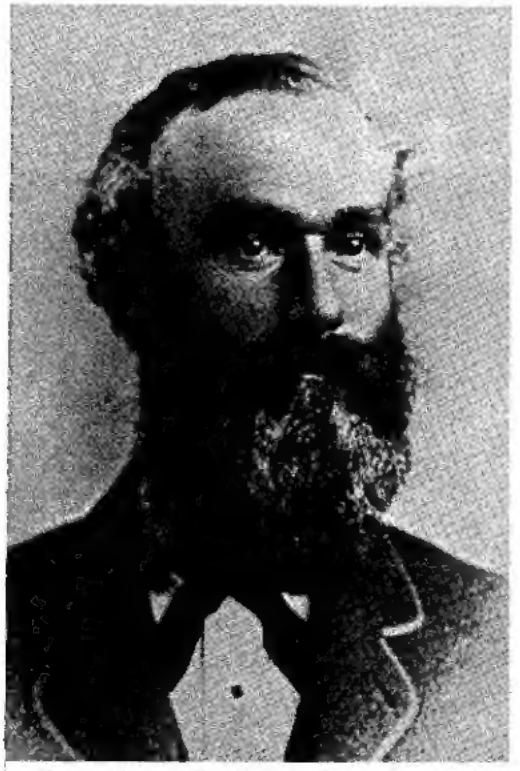

Photos above, left, right Courtesy Arizona State University Photographic Service

Left: Jack Dunn, first discoverer of ore in the Bisbee area.

Right: Monument to George Warren in Bisbee's Cemetery. The bronze tablets, on the front: (relief photo)— GEORGE WARREN — BORN UNKNOWN — DIED 1892 — POOR IN PURSE — RICH IN FRIENDS; on the side: ERECTED A.D. 1917 — TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE WARREN — PIONEER PROSPECTOR — FOR WHOM THE — WARREN MINING DISTRICT — IS NAMED.

Below: Warren, key figure in the Bisbee bonanza.

Opposite page: Bisbee in the early 1880s.

"We were camped in the canyon below Mule Pass. I went down the canyon to try and find some good water, as the water where we were camped was bad. I found a little waterfall."

"I know where that place is," interrupted Warren. "We used to stop there and camp sometimes."

"I saw evidences of a camp," continued Dunn. "After I had filled the canteens, I started back and noticed where the sun was shining on a rock where the water from the creek had splashed on it. It was greenish blue like copper stain. I hopped across the stream, and dug out a piece with my knife. Here is some of the rock. Do you think it is any good?"

"Looks like horn silver with copper stain and some silver metal," Warren studied the rock, entranced by the rich specimen which he was scratching with his knife. "Sergeant, I think you have a mine—if there is more where this came from."

"I am going to draw a map," said Dunn. "You see, Lieutenant Rucker and I went back and we dug around to find the lead. We blazed a live oak tree here where I mark an 'X,' and then we staked a claim in Lieutenant Rucker's name. I had used up my rights. Do you think you could find the place?"

"Ought to." Warren turned his attention from the specimen to the map. "I know the waterfall. I sure never saw anything like that there, though."

"Here is the deal we would like to make," Jack Dunn became serious. "We will supply you with a couple of burros, a pick, shovel, some drills, hammer and explosives and, of course, some grub. You will be equal partners with the lieutenant and me. Is that satisfactory and would you prospect for us under those terms?"

"That's fair enough and I'll do it," Warren smiled and offered his hand to his two new partners, a token which sealed many contracts in the West. "I have a bundle with some blankets, but not much else, and my clothes and shoes are worn out."

"All right," said Dunn, "we will get some clothes too." Then Dunn turned to Rucker who had been silent. "Does this suit you?"

"Yes," said the lieutenant with a smile. "I've been listening, and if I had disagreed, you would have known it. I'll pay my half."

Dunn then turned to Warren, continuing, "Now, you take this map and we'll

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make up a list of what you need."

Lieutenant Rucker rose from his chair. "I have some things to do," he said, "so I will leave you two to work it out. Good luck, George, and watch out for Indians!"

"Oh, I'm not afraid of them," Warren replied with a grin. "I'm almost one of them—besides, they know I'm not worth much, just twenty-five pounds of sugar!"

GEORGE WARREN early one morning a few days later, prodded his two burros loaded with food, a rifle, ammunition, and prospecting equipment out of Fort Bowie. It would be about sixty or seventy miles to Mule Canyon. He would proceed through mesquite-clogged valleys west of the fort, the steep-sided arroyos criss-crossing his path, and the mammoth boulders strewn about in the Dragoon Mountains as he skirted the Swiss Helm Mountains to the South. It would take four days with good luck to make the trip. Yet as he neared Potter Mountain, a force stronger than the silver in Mule Canyon drew him to the right toward Tombstone. George Warren was an alcoholic!

The infamous Brunckow House near Tombstone was the magnet he found irresistible. All thoughts of the silver prospect and his obligations to his partners in Fort Bowie were forgotten. Here in the saloon, a headquarters for thieves, smugglers, and outlaws from Tombstone, he stayed in a drunken stupor. It was easy for the keepers of the notorious roadhouse to influence Warren to barter his supplies and burros for whiskey.

After several days, when his money was gone, he showed his map to the saloonkeepers and told them about the silver Rucker and Dunn had discovered. The men at Brunckow House agreed to grubstake Warren—probably with his own burros and supplies.

Warren resumed his journey to Mule Canyon, passing by Fort Huachuca, where he acquired some companions. He soon found the Rucker claim, but did no work on it. On December 27, 1877, he made a claim location, which he named the "Mercy," in the name of himself and Frank McKean, M. H. Chapin, Harry McCoy and George Beale. A few days later he and S. M. Whiteside, John B. Loughead, and W. A. Kearns located the "Silver Queen" claim. Within a few months he was a member of parties locating as many as fourteen claims.

Meanwhile, tragedy befell one of Warren's partners. On July 12, 1878 Lieutenant Rucker and a patrol were in the Chiricahua Mountains when a flash flood occurred. In attempting to save the life of one of his men, the lieutenant lost his own life. The site was named Rucker Canyon.

Jack Dunn's enlistment in the army expired during the summer of 1878, not long after Rucker's death. He was anxious to return to his first love, prospecting, and especially to the claim in Mule Canyon. He wanted to know what had happened to George Warren.

Dunn entered the canyon, and soon came upon several men at work. He found Warren.

"How does it happen that you aren't working my claim, George?" Dunn surveyed the activity in bewilderment. "Who are these men?" Dunn raised his arm to point to some prospectors engaged in making an excavation.

"Jack, I went by Brunckow House and had some drinks. I got drunk," Warren's eyes would not meet Dunn's. "When I sobered up, I found that the saloonkeepers had gotten the burros and the supplies away from me. They grubstaked me and these are their men."

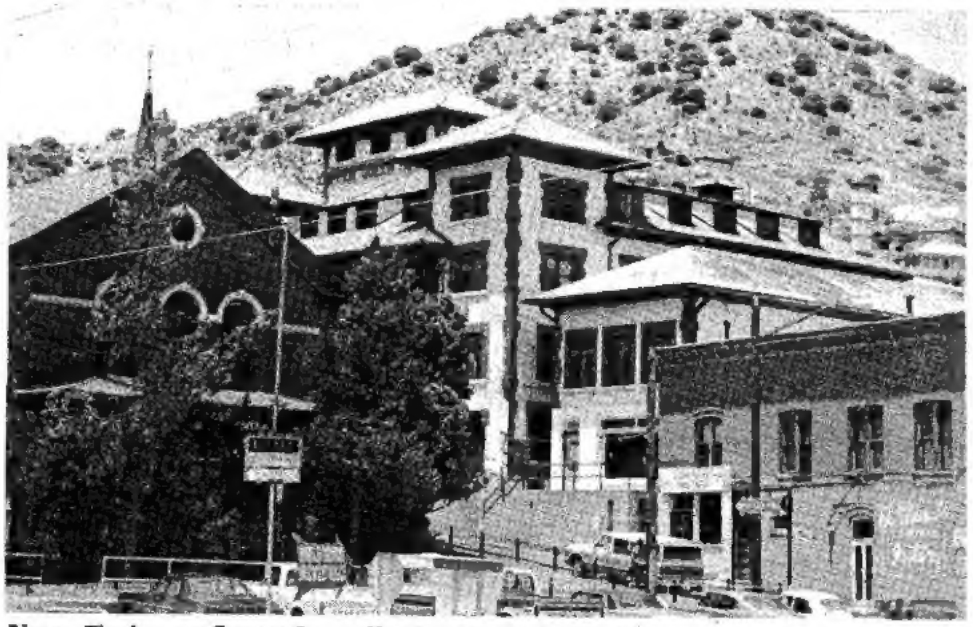
"But what about the claim Lieutenant Rucker and I own?" asked Dunn, his lips pressed tight. "What happened to it?"

"We have never touched that claim," George Warren continued to look at the ground as if he were unable to meet the gaze of the giant who had befriended him. "I think it is a good claim."

"You know, of course, that any claims you staked were to be shared equally with us," said Dunn sternly. "What are you going to do about that? The lieutenant is dead. He drowned in a flash flood in the Chiricahua Mountains, so you are dealing only with me now. You are staking claims all around here as a result of my discovery and the map which I gave you. I have a right to an interest in anything you stake!"

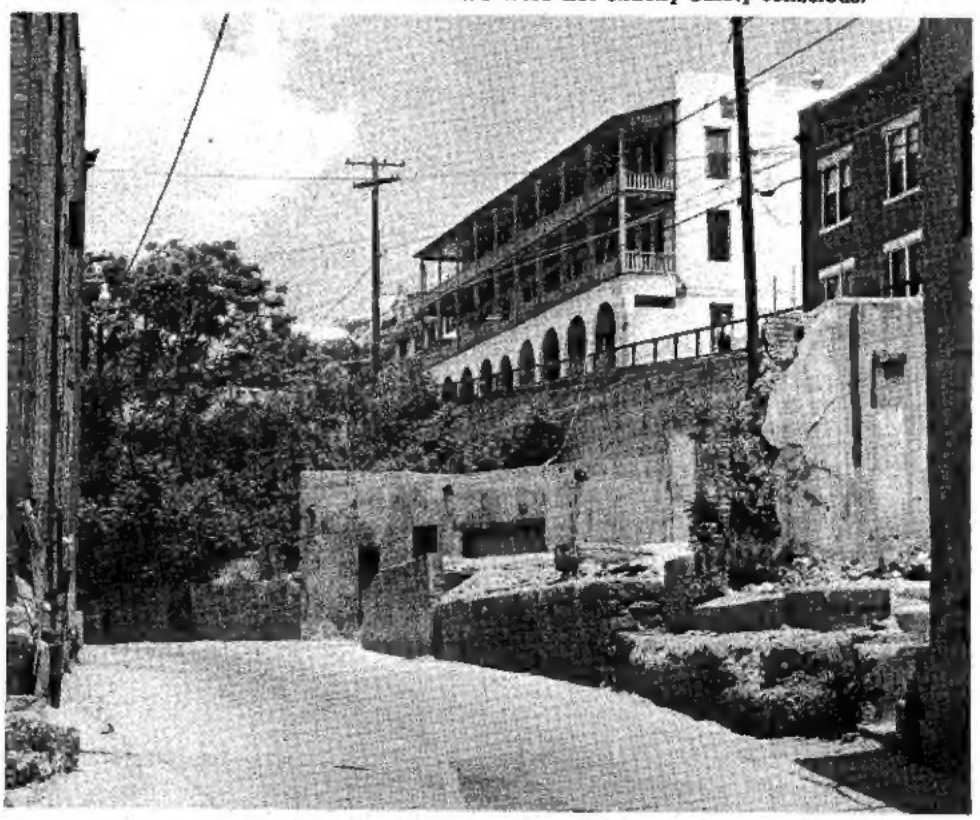
"I know that was our agreement," muttered Warren, "but now I'm a partner with those other men, and I'm afraid of them."

Dunn realized there was nothing he could do. He found a buyer for his claim for a reported $4,000. He lost his zest for



Above: The famous Copper Queen Hotel, center background.

Below: The Brooks Apartments, built entirely of concrete to cut down the chances of a four-alarm fire. Some of the Brooks' tenants were not exactly safety-conscious.



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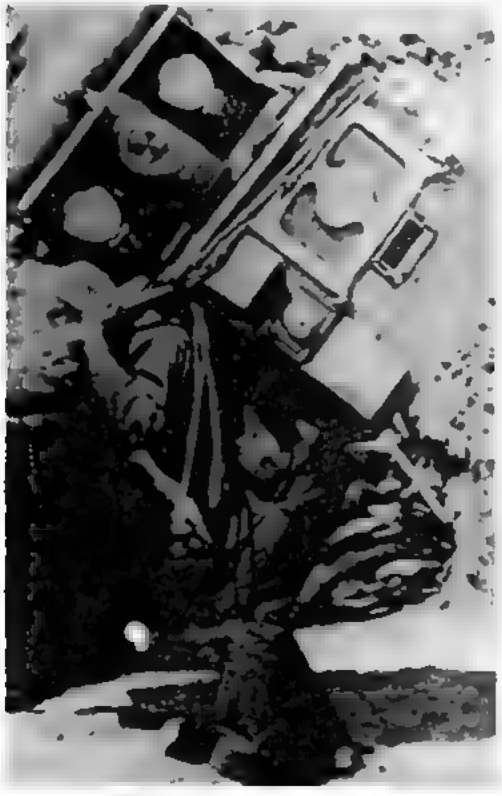
Above: Main Street in Bisbee, looking up Tombstone Canyon. The post office, left foreground, at one time claimed to have more postal boxes than any other post office in the United States.

Below: Mountain mining town delivery-man, circa 1920. The photographer is unknown.



mining, and returned to his old home in the East. Dunn died about seven years later, never fully knowing the value of the tremendous bonanza he had discovered. Perhaps it was merciful that he never knew.

George Warren is credited by many with the discovery of the Bisbee mineral deposits. The settlement in Mule Canyon became Bisbee, with the area known as the Warren Townsite, since George Warren filed the first mining claim in the new Cochise County. Later, a town of Warren was established southeast of Bisbee, below the canyon.

Warren and his partners, Rhea and Adkins, sold their claims, which became famous under the name "Copper Queen." The name has survived to this day as a great name in mining history. The claims eventually came under the ownership of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation. The partners' share was to be one-third. Warren reportedly bet his part on a race between himself and a horse to a post about fifty yards distant and return. The horse won.

The value of his share was later estimated to have been at least twenty million dollars!

THE Copper Queen Mining Company had its ups and downs. During the mid-1880s, the deposits seemed to be about exhausted. A foreman, J. W. Howell, secretly had been driving a tunnel which the company officers had refused to sanction. It broke into a fabulously rich bonanza of silver-copper ore. Howell became a celebrity, despite violating company rules.

From then on the fortunes of the company improved. New facilities were installed. The smelter was moved from its location near the mouth of the famous Brewery Gulch to a new town of Douglas, twenty-six miles to the southeast, on the Mexican border. The town prospered and population boomed. The company increased its holdings. Bisbee was essentially a one-company town.

News of the prosperity of this southern Arizona mining community became known to the heads of other mining companies. Thomas Cole, president of the Lake Superior and Western Development Company from Calumet in the heart of the Michigan copper-rich peninsula, became interested. He eventually purchased the Irish Mag claim which had been offered to the Copper Queen by a local character, Jim Daly, but the proposal was refused. Daly did in the sheriff, who was attempting to arrest him, and then skipped town. Daly's wife sold the claim to a saloonkeeper, who again of-

(Continued on page 62)

Main Street, Volcano

EXPLORING SMALL CALIFORNIA TOWNS

Byways still exist. If you discover one, please leave it intact for the next guy, will you, Podner?

BY DAVID MERCHANT YEADON

Illustrations by the Author
from Exploring Small Towns in California
Vols. I & II by David Yeadon,
Ward Ritchie Press, Publisher, Los Angeles

CALIFORNIA is still undiscovered. Way outside the sprawling cities and over-popular tourist centers are scores of small towns and villages where life is quiet, tranquil and truly Californian. It is these towns— the ones the traveler rarely visits—which still reflect the real history and character of the State. They are often well off the main highways down quiet backroads. Smog, traffic congestion and garish hamburger stands are as alien to these places as birdsong and clean streams are to our major cities.

For all the getaway-madness that seems to afflict the American populace every summer, it is only a determined few who ever discover the pleasures of true exploration. Throw your maps away! Set your direction by the sun, find a quiet side-road and meander through the pastoral backwaters of California. Don't let eating and sleeping arrangements worry you. Forget the highway motels and look instead for old inns and homey restaurants filled with the aromas of country cooking. They exist in profusion.

My wife and I were fortunate enough to travel literally thousands of miles along the country roads of California and we never ceased to marvel at the

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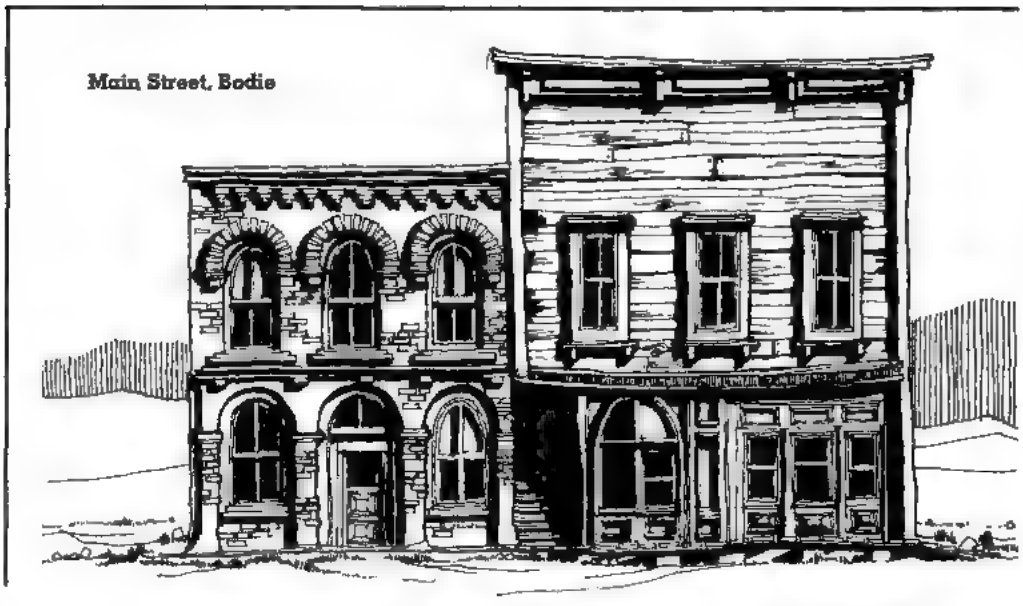
richness and tangibility of the State's past. Many important events which shaped California's growth occurred less than a century ago. The wheel scratches of pioneer wagons can still be found in the deep Sierra canyons. Recently a locket belonging to one of the original members of the Donner Party was discovered on the old Donner Trail near Lake Tahoe. Way out across the searing expanses of the high desert it is still possible to come across the undisturbed grave of some dream-filled pioneer who never quite made it to California.

It all began with the discovery of gold in 1848. Prior to that, the Spanish-Mexican occupation of the area had resulted in a narrow string of mission communities huddled nervously along the wild coast. The priests and their Christianized Indians little realized what was in store for this untamed land. Even John Marshall, whose discovery on the American River brought it all about, could never comprehend the fever which, within a few short months, gripped the world and sent countless thousands of prospectors scrabbling and scurrying over the Sierra foothills.

Tent towns sprang up overnight, to be followed later by more permanent settlements which were regularly razed by fire or floods. Elaborate saloons complete with casinos and the yesteryear equivalent of Playboy Bunnies became the social centers of towns with such names as "Rough 'n' Ready," "Down 'n' Out," "Rawhide," and "No Good." Shootouts and claim wars became daily occurrences in the frenzied pursuit of easy wealth.

Inevitably the gold rush receded. For every miner who had struck it rich a hundred more staggered back penniless to the valleys and to the coast. Many towns, left abandoned in the Sierra forests, disappeared without a trace. Some, however, remained—populated by diehards who waited for a second rush. Some of these still exist along Route 49 and are well worth a visit. But, again, you must travel the backroads to find the best.

VOLCANO is a particularly attractive community nestled in a hollow and surrounded on three sides by steep mountains which the original prospectors mistook for volcanoes—hence the name. The settlers here were somewhat more cultivated than their counterparts in other nearby communities, and Volcano reportedly became the first town in California to possess a debating society, a library and an observatory. Culture in the Mother Lode!

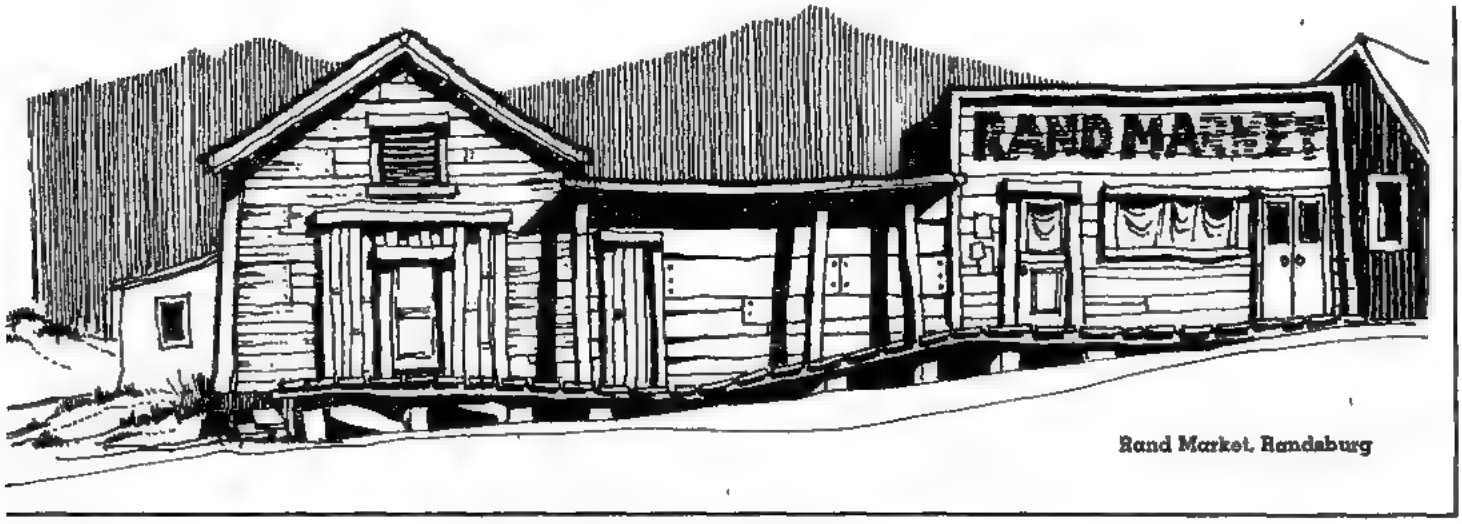


Main Street, Bodie

Although the major gold discoveries were along the western slopes of the Sierra, way way up in the high tundra of the Mono Lake area is Bodie, once one of the roughest mining towns in the State and described by a forlorn priest as "a sea of sin, lashed by the tempests of lust and passion." At the height of its prosperity Bodie supported sixty-five saloons and averaged a shooting a day. Today what's left of Bodie huddles on a windswept plain which can only be reached after a tortuous drive along ten miles of rutted track. Nevertheless, Bodie is one of my favorite haunts, particularly in those early morning hours when dawn light catches the golden grain of the wooden shacks.

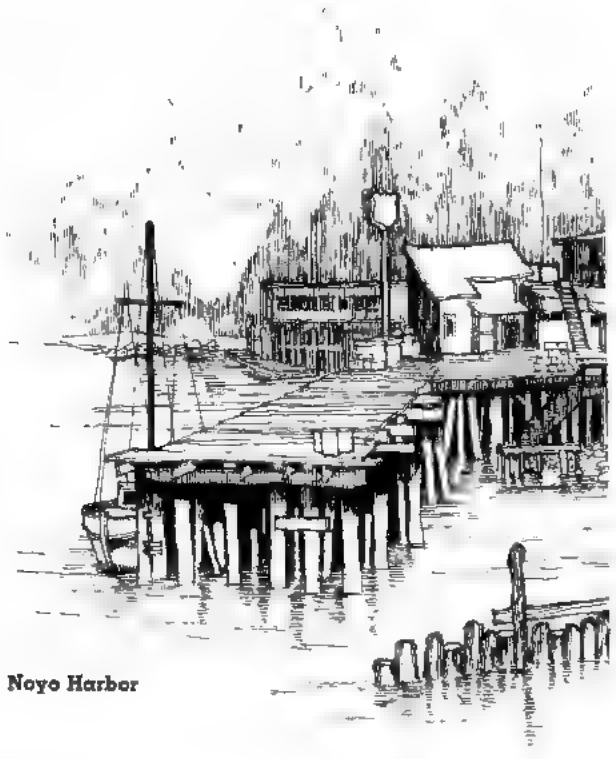
Much farther to the south, just off Highway 395, is a mining town which has seen not one but three booms—one for gold, one for tungsten, and one for silver. Randsburg, though, hardly looks ready for a fourth. It's a sleepy town. If you have time, talk to some of the older residents anyway. What they can tell you about life in their mining town makes most television Westerns seem understated!

WHILE prospectors waged war with the elements in search of elusive bonanzas, way to the west other individuals were making even larger fortunes in the coastal forest of northern California. You may well ask—which forests? Well, unfortunately, most have vanished, or, more accurately, have been lopped, topped, sanded, smoothed, joined and nailed to form the structural framework of San Francisco and other cities. It was men like William Carson and Charles Johnson who were responsible for this miraculous relocation of whole forests. When Carson first discovered the giant redwoods, he had a hard time convincing East Coast investors that such mammoth trees really existed. However, within a few years, an army of lumberjacks was at work felling millions



Rand Market, Randsburg

Mendocino



Noyo Harbor

of feet of timber. Every tiny inlet or "dog-hole" along the high-cliffed coast became a miniature port. Communities such as Noyo and Mendocino (today a popular artists' colony) became centers for the industry. Then as rail links were established to San Francisco, and the lumberjacks moved inland in search of new forests, unique communities such as Scotia were established as company towns—in this case, the Pacific Lumber Company. Proud of its products, the company erected a magnificent theater using huge rough-cut redwood timbers.

An even more ornate monument to the lumber era is the William Carson mansion in Eureka. This is one of the most exotic Victorian buildings left in the country—a graphic reminder of the immense fortunes which were made in those early days by men of initiative.

While the coastal forests were being denuded and the Sierra stripped of its gold, another body of energetic pioneers was creating a Garden of Eden in the great central valley. A German butcher, Henry Miller, amassed a million-acre ranch empire throughout California and often boasted that he could ride horseback from Mexico to Canada and spend each night at one of his own ranches. Prosperity reached such a peak at one point that Woodland, a small community near Sacramento, was labeled "The Richest Town in the World." It was home to more millionaires in relation to its size than any other known place on the globe. If you explore the avenues to the south of Main Street you'll find one of the finest collections of Victorian mansions in the country. Many of the inhabitants were of German origin and the town was justly famous for the quality of its beer. In fact, locally grown barley was of such a high standard that much of it was exported to the world-famous breweries of Bavaria.

Gable Mansion, Woodland

OF COURSE, not all entrepreneurs were as successful as the millionaires

Main Street, Julian

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Theater, Scotia

of Woodland. Down in the Imperial Valley an unfortunate Mr. Heber, president of the California Development Corporation, founded the ambitious town of Heber complete with tree-lined boulevards and an agricultural college at the proposed junction of two major rail lines. Unfortunately, the junction was located elsewhere. Today, dry dust blows down the wide deserted streets of Heber, and the main college building sits deserted in a scrub patch.

A similar fate befell the exotic-sounding Date City located a few miles away. It consists of one lone dishevelled store and nothing more.

As you explore the back roads of California and glean fragmented pieces of the state's fascinating history, you will come to realize how much the influences of individual men have left their mark on the smaller communities. William Carson's exotic mansion in Eureka is one example. Hearst's castle and his Spanish re-styling of the village of San Simeon is another. But lesser known instances abound. The community of Piru on the slopes of the Los Padres National Forest near Los Angeles was the creation of religious book publisher, David C. Cook. He built his fine Victorian villa overlooking the more modest homes of men employed in his valley orchards.

Cook saw himself as a true lord of the manor and forbade all drinking, smoking and foul language by tenants of his earthly paradise. Alas, the frailties of human nature eroded Cook's stern principles and he left, a disillusioned man, never to return.

A more recent example of a one-man town is Port Costa, once a major warehousing center on the south bank of the Sacramento near Martinez. A few years ago the town was officially condemned and its name was removed from maps of the area. Then along came Bill Rich, a former beer truck driver. With the help of a few enthusiastic friends, he managed to renovate most of the town's old buildings, including an impressive Victorian hotel and a huge warehouse originally constructed from volcanic rock carried as ballast in Australian merchant ships. Today Port Costa is a fascinating little community with two fine restaurants and a score of antique shops—all thanks to Bill Rich!

This same spirit of individualism has

Carson Mansion, Eureka

ELECTED TO [illegible]
ELECTED [illegible] TERMINATED

Main Street, Port Costa

left its mark on the small town of Cambria near San Luis Obispo. A strange gentleman known locally as "The Captain" has built, or rather is still building, a unique Gaudi-influenced home. He claims he will build till he drops, and occasional visitors watch in awe as The Captain continues construction with pebbles, abalone shells, and assorted Victorian bric-a-brac.

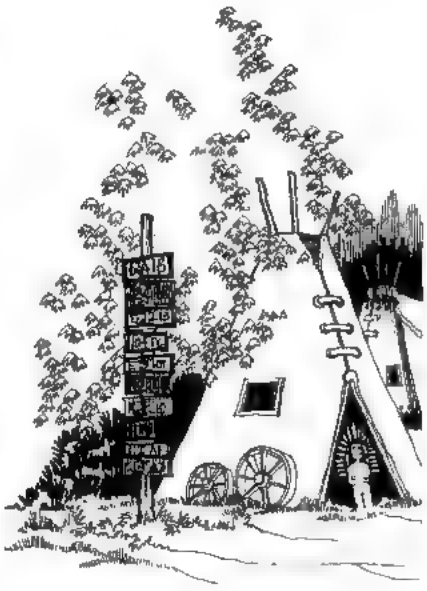
Way over to the northeast on the far side of the Sierra an equally determined gentleman recently completed his own piece of personal architecture. Clyde Knox, a resident of Janesville, sits outside a motel fashioned as an Indian encampment (complete with teepees and totem poles) and proudly answers the questions of curious visitors. His only regret is that a recent highway by-pass of the town has left him a little short of customers.

Farther to the south near the scorching salt flats of Death Valley, another hardy individual has created a strangely unique institution. Marta Becket, artist and dancer, founded the Amargosa Opera House in the almost deserted town of Death Valley Junction. Her programs of ballet-mime always play to full houses —even if nobody comes. Marta and her husband have decorated the inside of the tiny theater with a royal audience, complete with king, queen and ladies-in-waiting!

A FEW small towns in the state are particularly precious to me. These are places where I can go, knowing they will always be the same. They are my little oases of tranquility.

My favorite is Nicasio, a tiny community only a few miles north of San Francisco. With its large village green and crisp white church, it seems almost New England in character. The people are soft-spoken and there's an atmosphere of utter peace under the shade of its large trees.

Cook Mansion, Pira



Janesville Motel

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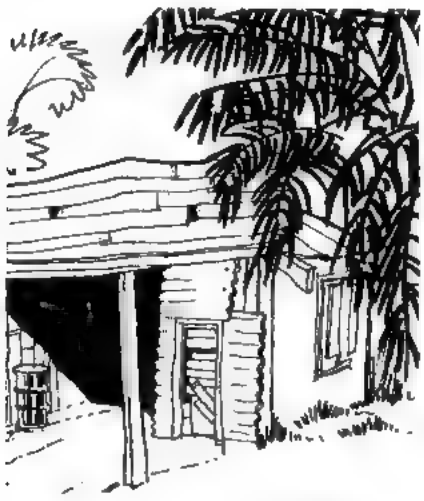


Date City

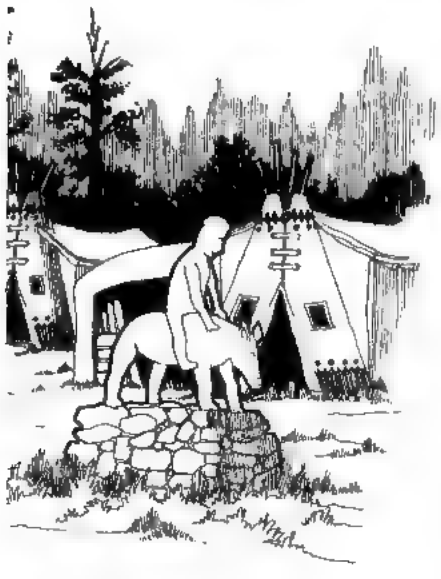
Main Street (Levee side), Locke

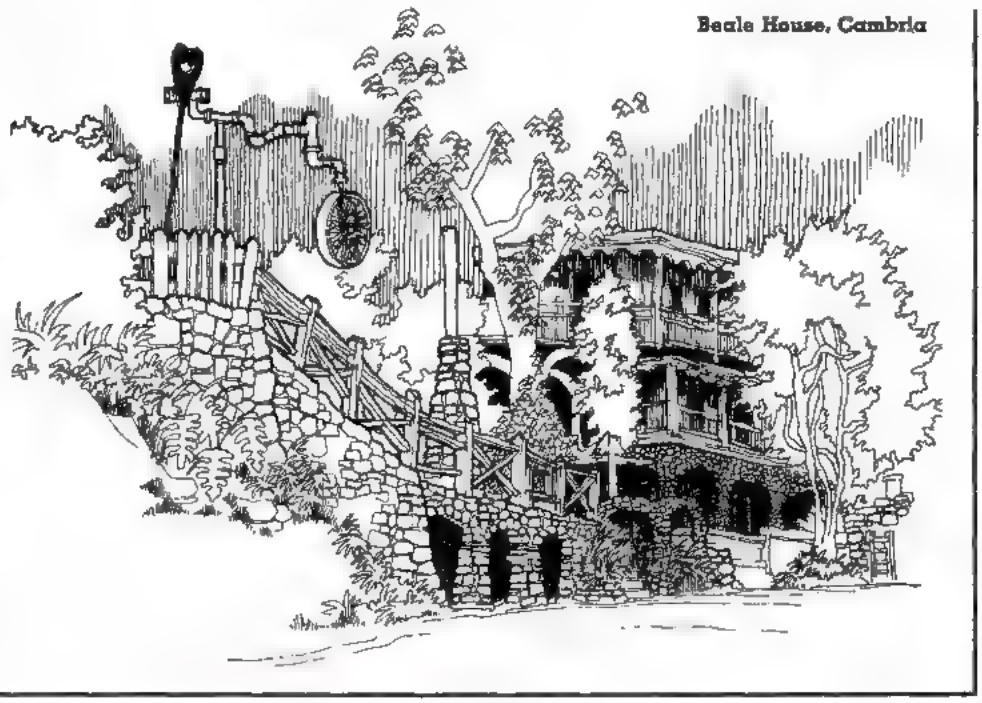
Farther to the north is the almost perfect Victorian town of Ferndale. The richness of its architecture, combined with the friendliness of its inhabitants, many of whom are of Danish and Portuguese extraction, give it a unique grace and charm.

In complete contrast, I am fascinated by the strange little town of Locke on the Sacramento Delta. Its inhabitants are almost all of Chinese extraction—sons and daughters of the Orientals who toiled laboriously in the Sierra foothills during the gold rush and then returned to the lowlands to help construct railroads and the levees which keep the moody Sacramento River from overflowing. Locke itself is actually built on a levee. The top halves of the buildings face the main levee road and the bottom halves face a sunken main street which forms the heart of this unique town.

In the mountains east of San Diego is another of my favorite small towns —Julian. It began as a gold rush settlement (even southern California had its mini-rush) and then became the center of a region famous for its apple orchards. Grandiose plans for its development as a resort never materialized. The town has retained its quiet pastoral charm and a sense of ease which characterized many of California's small towns during the earlier years of this century.

As I explored these lesser known communities, I was constantly exhilarated by a sense of history-come-alive. And it would appear that my feelings are shared by many. I found, in northern California particularly, a real concern for retention of the state's heritage, a sensitive awareness of the need to safeguard important landmarks which reflect the stages of California's growth. Of course, there are problems. State organizations have little capital available for this kind of investment, and local historical societies are often even more constrained by financial limitations. Perhaps the joys of small town exploration will stimulate a more dedicated effort to guard what is left of a very fragile but important heritage.





Beale House, Cambria

CURSED GOLD OF THE OQUIRRH MOUNTAINS

Treasure hunters who can't find Crosland's elusive cedar tree clue, solace themselves with the thought that it's better to live longer poor than to die quicker rich!

VISITING the empty diggings and vacant-eyed shacks of men who grubbed in the earth for wealth makes the history of Utah's western desert come alive. Only a few short years separate us from those tough, burly prospectors and those "li'l ole holes in the ground," from which gold camps sprang to life.

Utah has many ghost towns—places where the ore petered out and people moved on. These instant towns proved that mining is a good way to open a territory but a poor way to hold it.

I've spent many hours searching out ghost towns and abandoned mines. I've been rewarded by some interesting tales from old-timers, as well as from books, deeds, claims, and other documents. Out in that vast and remote desert country west of Salt Lake City, where Juab, Tooele and Box Elder Counties comprise an area larger than Massachusetts, there are hundreds of abandoned mines and several ghost towns. Heavy mining activity took place there between 1848 and 1900. Would you believe that within thirty miles of downtown Salt Lake City lies an area covered with gold? That's what one of Utah's early pioneers reported.

Near Mills Junction, about twenty-five miles west of Salt Lake City on Highway 40 where it interesects Highway 36, stand the ruins of an old grist mill. From the steps of that mill, in the 1850s, Benjamin George (Leo) Crosland, usually misspelled "Croslin" in historical records, once said—within the hearing of a lady who later verified the story—that he could stand at the mill and see a cedar tree near the spot where he'd discovered pure gold. Another time he told a gentleman who lived in Tooele, "Some say you cannot see gold twice in the same place, but I have seen it every time I have gone there."

I've searched for that cedar tree mentioned by Mr. Crosland. The only perplexing problem is that looking at the backside of the Oquirrh Mountain Range, which is about four miles east of the grist mill, there are hundreds of cedars, pines, and other trees. Which one marks the spot? Which canyon hides the gold? If the giant tree has fallen, where does it lie?

In the 1850s John Rowberry built the grist mill and ran it himself until an accident put him to bed for several weeks. He hired Leo Crosland to help out. Crosland was a cutter and blacksmith by trade and a good all-around mechanic—just the man to run a mill. Born May 12, 1815 in Sheffield, Yorkshire, England, he was a jolly person who had a laugh and a joke for every occasion. He was loved by his family and respected as a truthful God-fearing man by what few neighbors there were.

CROSLAND owned some sheep which roamed the range land west and north of the mill. One day he discovered that some of the sheep had strayed east into the mountains. Sheep were highly prized, for their wool was the only hope

BY ROBERT L. FOSTER

Photos Courtesy Author

Above: From the steps of this old grist mill located on Highway 40 about 25 miles west of Salt Lake City, pioneer Leo Crosland said he could see the rich outcropping of pure gold he discovered.

Opposite page: The author moved closer to the mountains in search of Crosland's lost gold mine. [redacted]

of replenishing the settlers' fast diminishing wardrobes.

Crosland went after his animals and began searching the low foothills, then moved higher into the mountains.

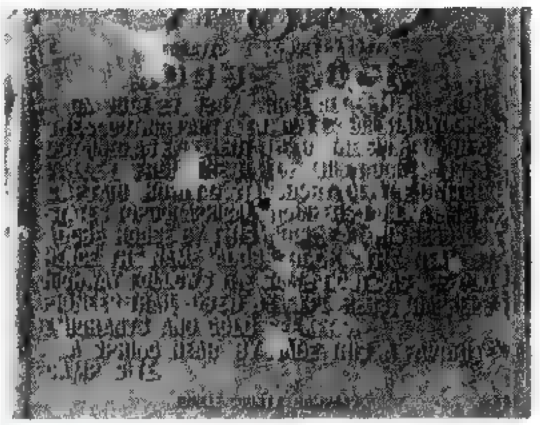
In going up one of the mountain ravines east of the mill, to his astonishment he saw a rock protruding, glittering bright yellow in the sunlight. On examination he was satisfied it was virgin gold. Crosland broke off a large chunk with a rock, and the more he examined the gold the more he was impressed with the richness of his find. He bracketed the place with rocks and other markers until he was satisfied he could return to the spot. Crosland located his sheep soon after, only a short distance from his "mine."

In those days no good Mormon engaged in any enterprise without consulting Brigham Young, and Crosland was a good Mormon. Elated by his rich discovery he visited Salt Lake City at the first opportunity to ask what he should do.

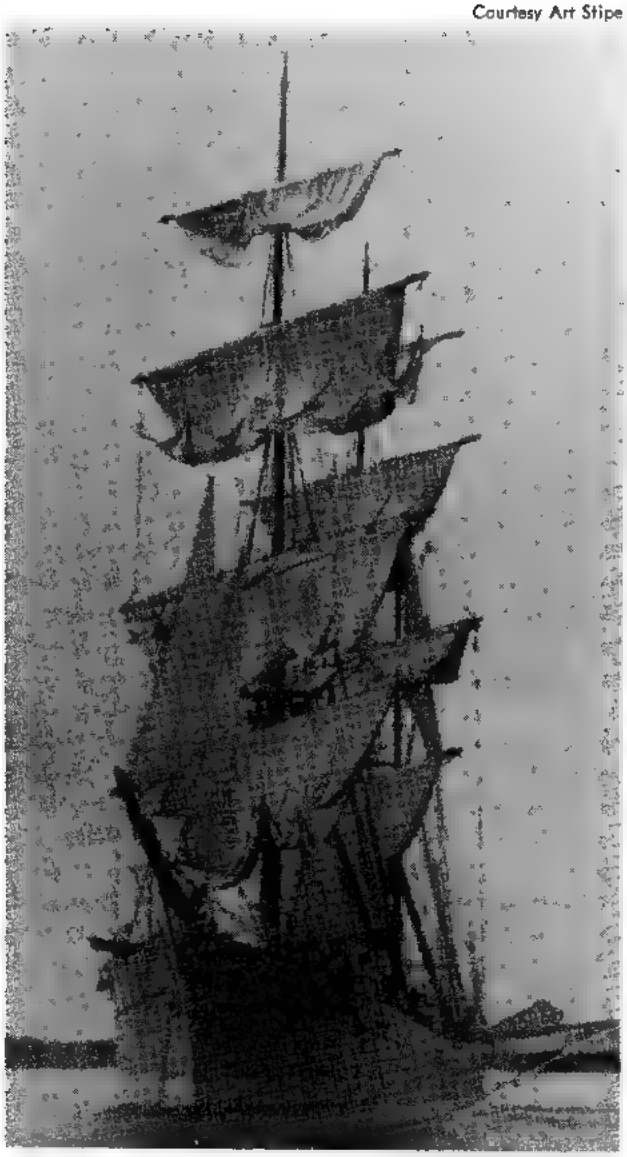
Brigham Young looked at the rich specimen of gold with great interest, asked many questions about the extent of the ledge, and to all appearances seemed as interested in the find as Mr. Crosland was. Then after asking several more questions and obtaining all the information that Crosland could remember, Young turned to him and said, "Brother Crosland, that seems to be a very rich specimen of gold, but I want you to tell no one or to show any person where that

(Continued on page 42)

Enroute to search the Oquirrh Mountain area where gold is supposedly located, the author passed this famous pioner landmark, Adobe Rock (left). Plaque (below) attached to the rock gives a brief history of the area.



Courtesy Art Stipe



In roughhouse Portland those who ran games of chance made up an exclusive circle. An outsider who wanted to share the pickings needed plenty of drag to get in!

THE GAMB

Sailing ships, above, were a common sight in the Portland harbor, above center, during the days when ships from all over the world came for cargoes of lumber and wheat. The *Quelle*, above right, one of Portland's many fine bars frequented by the sailors.

BY LARRY WARREN

Photos Courtesy Author

THE Portland, Oregon of the 1880s, notorious for its palatial saloons, gambling houses, and brothels, was a far cry from the peaceful metropolis of today, known for its beautiful homes, gorgeous rose gardens, spacious parks, and cultural pursuits.

Freighters of every description from ports throughout the world sailed or steamed up the broad Columbia River for a hundred miles from the ocean and negotiated the deep channeled Willamette River another twelve miles to Portland's excellent harbor. There they loaded huge cargoes of wheat and lumber—the lifeblood of the thriving region's commerce. Portland's coastwise and foreign trade spurred a growth in population from 17,500 in 1880 to 26,300 in 1890.

Crews from visiting freighters preferred he-man entertainment and were willing to spend all their pay to get it. The same was true of the loggers who worked in the huge forests of Douglas firs surrounding the town. The port was indeed suffering from growing pains and literally feeling its oats, both at the same time, and its violent adolescence offered golden opportunities for persons whose sole aim was to siphon off the cash flow from the pockets of the sailors, lumberjacks, and anyone else who cared to contribute.

Portland was famed for its elaborate saloons, where seamen from all over the globe gathered. Their corps of handlebar-moustached bartenders was second to none anywhere. Perhaps the best known saloon was Erickson's on Burnside Street, at that time and for many years after possessing the longest bar in the world—a full city block.

For pleasure-seekers desiring feminine companionship, the boom town offered unique accommodations, such as an establishment which proudly presented nothing but young ladies imported from France, and another where Japanese girls were the exclusive attraction.

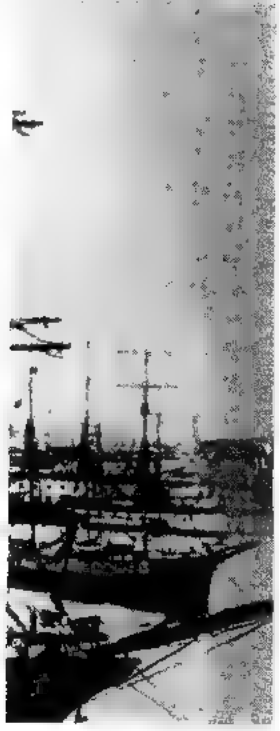
Gambling was a popular pastime, too, and Portland attracted professional gamblers from all parts of the country. Those fortunate enough to "get in" found lush pickings. But gambling was pretty much of a closed corporation, and only those who knew the right people were allowed to engage in that illegal business. If an outsider attempted to operate, his place would be raided by alert police the same day it opened.

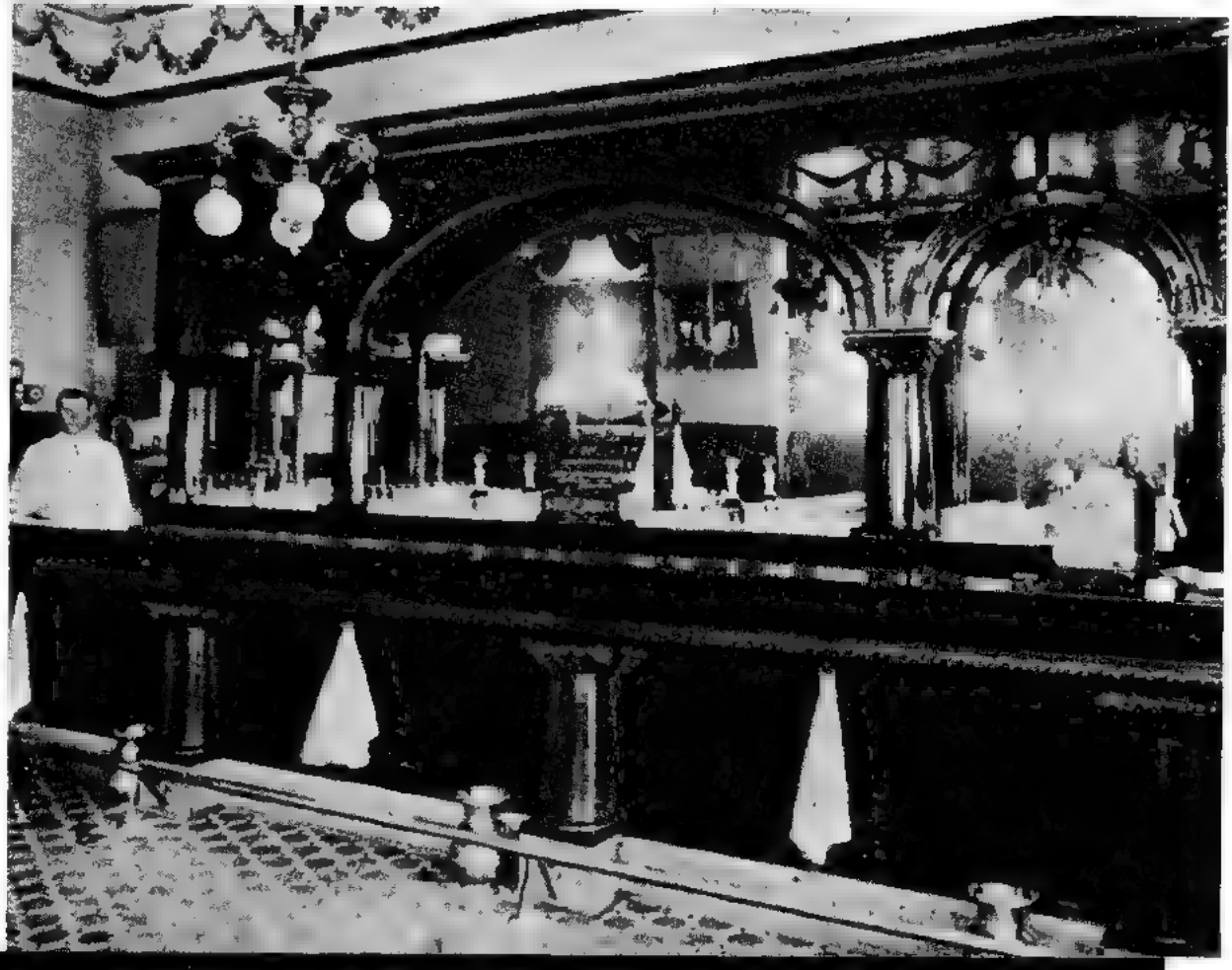
THE KINGPIN of the gambling fraternity, Emil Weber, was short and stocky and of German ancestry. Although only in his thirties, he ruled the gambling industry with an iron hand and those who attempted to oppose him found themselves in jail or railroaded out of town.

His rise to power had been sensational. Early in the decade he had arrived in Portland from Wyoming with only a wife and the desire to get his share of the easy money he had heard was floating around. Besides knowing all the tricks of the gambling trade, he had a glib tongue which quickly got him a job at one of the leading gambling rooms.

After a year of this he concluded there was no future in working for someone

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





LER'S' VENDETTA

else and he persuaded his wife to induce her father to come out from Ohio and become a partner in their own enterprise. The father obliged and, of course, provided the capital while Weber provided the know-how, most important element of which was setting up the "fix" with the proper city official.

The venture proved a big money-maker from the start. Weber soon sported tailormade clothes, silk shirts, and all the trimmings. He smoked nothing but the best Havana cigars and drank only the finest of imported wine and whisky.

Three years of this prosperity was all he could stand, however, before getting too big for his expensively tailored britches—and for the wife who had been good enough when the going was rough. Weber looked around for something more exciting and found it in Fanny Sanger, a chorus girl at one of the leading theatres. He frequently stayed out all night and when his wife complained, he packed up his things and moved in with his girl friend.

Mrs. Weber sued for divorce, and her father promptly severed his business connection with the errant son-in-law. There was a great deal of resentment against the gambler among the couple's

Front and Morrison Streets, a principal intersection in the 1880s and 1890s.

The killer walked along Washington Street to Third, the intersection shown above, and up Third one block to Alder where he confronted Emil Weber. Detective Joseph Day, right, to whom the lethal weapon was surrendered.

friends and even among his colleagues, for all were fond of the offended wife and felt she had been treated very shabbily.

Nobody, however, had the nerve to voice such an opinion in Weber's presence, and he went on his merry way oblivious to the bitterness he had engendered. Mrs. Weber was awarded a divorce decree, and when it became final, Weber married Fanny Sanger.

During the next two years even greater prosperity came his way. He moved his business into luxurious quarters at First and Alder Streets in the heart of the thriving business district, and his patrons included many prominent citizens. By then he had gained control of the entire gambling setup in Portland through political pull and strong-arm tactics, and those operators he allowed in business were paying heavily to him.

During Weber's ruthless rise from obscurity to money and power, there naturally were many citizens who harbored rather violent thoughts toward him. But he displayed no sign of being aware of such sentiment as he swaggered about in his fancy clothes, ornamented ostentatiously with diamonds and other evidence of wealth. He thoroughly enjoyed the big splash he was making and never overlooked a chance to bask in the spotlight. He even transformed such a commonplace happening as lunch into an occasion for showing off.

At one o'clock, as regular as clockwork, he would leave his swank gambling rooms (which were fronted by a cigar store and barber shop so as not to make the setup too obvious) and stroll up Alder Street to the Magnolia Restaurant in the fashionable Holton House on Fourth.

The moment he entered the establishment, which claimed "the largest and finest dining room in the state," proprietor G. C. Rider would personally escort Weber to his table. It was always reserved for him from one to two o'clock. Then came the waiters to take care of his gastronomical desires. The climax would come when, after leisurely enjoying an hour of food and drink, Weber would extract from his fat wallet a sheaf of greenbacks for all the help, the cooks included.

It would seem at this juncture, that Weber was figuratively sitting on top of the world. But it was a precarious position, as events were soon to show.

THE first threat to his empire was the election defeat of a city councilman who provided protection to the gambler in return for a substantial monthly fee. Weber was furious when he discovered that many of the town's gamblers had contributed money and time to defeat this official and thereby weakened Weber's stranglehold on them. His opponents reasoned that with the "fixed" member off the council, everyone would get the same kind of break in their illegal business.

Weber was particularly incensed at Charles Olds, better known as "Sandy" because of the color of his hair, who had been one of the hardest workers against the councilman. Weber and Olds, a faro dealer who hailed from Michigan by way of Arizona, had arrived in Portland at about the same time and were close friends in those early days. But as Weber's power and wealth grew, he had discarded his former associate as he had his wife.

One of the gambling czar's favorite methods of getting rid of a man he disliked for some reason was to have the police "vag" the person and see that he was ordered out of town by the municipal judge. Anyone unable to prove he made a legitimate living could be arrested as a vagrant and given such treatment.

But Weber soon learned that his influence among the police had greatly diminished with the defeat of his councilman ally. He was unable to find any officer who would vag Olds, even though he promised to "make it right" with whoever did so.

Weber next began a campaign of intimidation, at which he was, by that

It was at this intersection above (Third and Alder) that the kingpin gambler was slain. Captain Charles Gritzmacher, left, led the police squad who took the killer into custody and conducted the investigation.

time, a past master. He circulated word among the gambling fraternity that he would run Olds out of town and, for that matter, out of the Pacific Northwest, for meddling in the election.

Although Olds, a bachelor also in his thirties, was a rather quiet person, he was not the type to let anybody run him out of anyplace and he passed this word back to his former friend. For nearly two years the feud continued, with Weber trying to dispose of Olds and not succeeding.

Then an event took place which made Weber forget the vendetta for the moment. Chief of Police Samuel Parrish announced in the press that he was cracking down on gambling and would force *all* operators out of business.

Weber quickly concocted a scheme to forestall this action. He forced some of his more quiescent colleagues to appear before District Attorney Henry McGinn and swear out a complaint charging Chief Parrish with accepting bribes to permit them to operate.

Sandy Olds was one of the gamblers subpoenaed to testify before the Multnomah County grand jury, although he had not been one of the complainants. On the morning of Olds' appearance at the courthouse, Weber went to the Crystal Palace Saloon where Olds was working and asked him to "stand in with me and get that s-o-b out of the chief's office." Olds said nothing in reply.

That evening Weber again went to the Crystal Palace, this time to find out what Olds had said to the grand jury. "I told the truth," answered the faro dealer. "The chief never took a bribe in his life and you know it. It isn't right for you to run a lot of men before the grand jury to swear to a pack of lies."

Weber cursed Olds soundly and repeated his threat to run him out of the Pacific Northwest.

When the grand jury refused to indict Chief Parrish, Weber's anger against Olds was fanned into hatred, and during the ensuing months he tried every trick in his book to get even. On one occasion he went to the Crystal Palace and, seeing Olds on the platform in front of the establishment, deliberately pushed him off.

Olds dropped his cane and went after his tormentor, striking him flush on the chin and sending him sprawling. Weber scrambled to his feet and rushed into the saloon, chased by Olds. Weber grabbed two beer mugs from the bar and hurled them at his opponent, missing by a wide margin. Olds got in a few more good punches and soon the fight was over. Weber stayed home for several days recovering from the beating.

On the evening of Thursday, May 9, 1889, he went to the Crystal Palace looking for Olds, but the faro dealer had left for dinner. Next morning Weber returned to the saloon and confronted the proprietor, Charles Sliter.

"You get rid of that damned Olds," he thundered. "If you don't, I'll go to the police and tell them you're running a game." With that, he turned on his heel and left.

(Continued on page 47)

S. P. SHARP J. J. BANTA

COME JOIN OUR COLONY.

We are locating in a beautiful River Valley on the route of Port Crescent and Chehalis Railroad. Splendid bottom land. Good climate and pure water No charges until satisfied

IF YOU WANT A HOME

Come and see us

Sharp & Banta,

Room 18, 1311½ Tacoma Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

Last Call! — Last Chance

TO JOIN OUR COLONY.

WE are going to locate in one of the finest Riv Bottoms in Western Washington We wi leave here about two weeks. We want about more to join our colony. If you want a good farm a good neighborhood, call and see us at our office.

Room 14, No. 1002½ Tacoma Avenue,

SHARP & BANTA

OLD QUEETS VALLEY

April 22nd 1891
Our Colony all Sail today
On Board the Lucy Lovel
Chartered for the trip We all
to Screen hundred and fifty
dollars. The Captain agreed
to board our party and land
us and our freight safely
at our destination
There are 56 of our party,
consisting of the following
named persons,
J. J. Banta.
Nelson McKee, Wife and six chil-
dren. H. K Mayhew + Wife,
John Lovel & Wife and daughter,
L Belcher. wife and daughter,
F. W. King. Wife + Son (Merle)
D. B. Ballard + Wife.
Miss Dora Head
Miss Anna Dickey
N. A. McKinnan + Wife

Above: Cape Elizabeth as it looked May 1963. The "Casteel Tunnel," enlarged by storms, can be seen at the base of the rock in center of photo. Left Page 78 of Banta's Diary, dated April 29, 1891.

Around Evergreen, years of indivi to small print in a single g

RANCHERS living contentedly in Queets Valley, Washington were stunned when in 1940 by presidential decree, Franklin D. Roosevelt included the Queets Corridor in the enlarged Olympic National Park. Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes then issued the order for "Evacuation of the Valley."

Joining forces the residents fought back through the courts to retain their lands so laboriously wrested from the wilderness, but it was a lost cause. Sadly they began leaving that Valley of Queets. But the settlement of Evergreen was still listed on Washington maps until 1962—long after the last family had departed.

Ingeborg Lundgren, one of the first teachers there, boarded free with the Donaldson family for one year, 1901-02. She was interviewed for the Aberdeen *Daily World* many years later, and perhaps she said it all. "The primeval forest and beautiful scenery were wondrous. Shut out from the rest of the world it was an 'Arcadia of the West'."

Evergreen on the Queets was established in 1890 by Tacomans John Jackson Banta and S. Price Sharp. Still unmarried in their mid-twenties, they were boarding with the Clement Johnsons in "Old Town." Casting about for something to do they decided to form a partnership and open a rooming house. Rents were so high they investigated possibilities up in Bellingham, Port Townsend and in Port Angeles.

_CTRONI

SETTLEMENT

BY
ROWENA and GORDON D. ALCORN

Above: Banta's homestead, "Evergreen on the Queets," as it appeared in the winter of 1893. The low building is the crude cabin he built in February 1890. Right: John Jackson Banta, about 1923 in Oregon.

Courtesy W. Clarence Read

ıal effort have been reduced
'ernment directive . . .

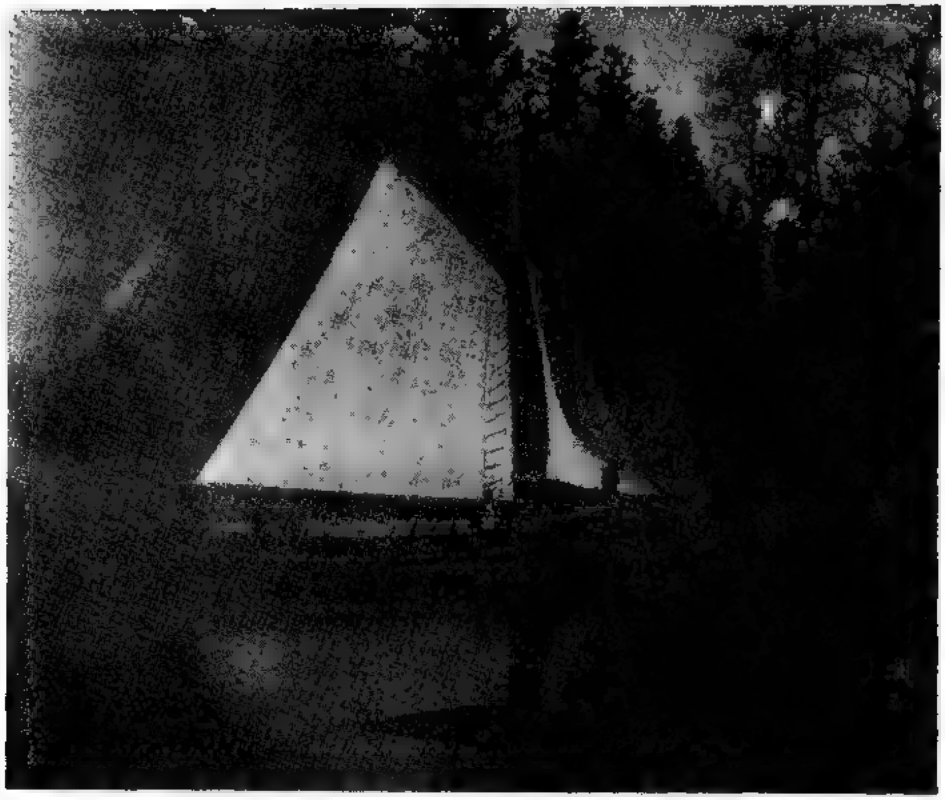
John Banta kept a diary. His first entry was December 3, 1899, the day they went up Puget Sound on the *State of Washington*. (After a four-year search, in 1970 we located this diary in the possession of Banta's stepson, elderly W. Clarence Read of Bucoda, Washington.)

At Port Angeles, Banta and Sharp decided to select a homestead site. Outfitting with packsacks and sleeping bags, they started walking toward Neah Bay. It was very cold with a sleety rain, and the first night out they stayed in an abandoned tumbledown cabin. The next night they stopped at Pysht Bay where a small hotel charged 50¢ for bed and breakfast.

On December 10, they hiked twenty miles over the low divide to Beaver where Crosby and Harriss had a stopping place. It had snowed all day and the men were glad to be able to dry out and have a good meal.

Charles A. Gilman, a civil engineer and former lieutenant-governor of Minnesota, and his son Sam from Grays Harbor had preceded them by one day. The Gilmans had been hired to determine the feasibility of a railroad route between Port Angeles and Grays Harbor. Part of that region south of Forks had never been explored, and coastal Indians warned that a race of "Skoo-Kooms" (cannibals) lived there.

Gilman had decided that it would be too



Banta's stepson W. Clarence Read's sailboat, *Phoenix*, at the mouth of the Queets River.

dangerous, but when Banta and Sharp arrived, he had no difficulty persuading them to go along if all expenses were paid.

Sturdy canvas straps were made for their sixty-pound packs and next day, December 11, the party walked eight miles to Henry Fassel's farm. The following afternoon they were at Forks where they put up at Peter Fisher's place. Here, Charles Gilman hired the womenfolk to sew two wagon sheets together to make a tent. Then he bought basic food supplies, cooking pans, a shovel and two axes.

After lunch next day, Fisher ferried the four men across the Bogachiel River and from there they started on a daring winter expedition into unknown territory. In deep snowdrifts they climbed slowly over a 1,200′ pass. Charles Gilman had difficulty keeping up.

Although they had scoffed at the idea of those Skoo-Kooms, they were always apprehensive of being attacked while they slept.

The party reached a wide river on December 17 (the Hoh). Gilman was so exhausted they stopped there to make camp although it was before noon. Shortly after, some Indians came downstream and stopped. The Indians were friendly. One could speak English, having attended the reservation school at Taholah. They transported the white men on down to the ocean where fifty Indians had a village. One of them agreed for $8 to guide the party on to the Queets River via the ocean beach. He said his family lived up that river a few miles.

When the party came to a stream, that sturdy native stripped and carried the four men and their packs across. Farther on they were caught by the tide and climbed a steep cliff to wait four hours. At the Queets River, their guide had cached a dugout. It was dark and cold when they arrived at the 30′x70′ Long House. Inside several families lived harmoniously, each having its own fire.

When the Gilman party had dried out, the guide's wife served boiled salmon and potatoes with biscuits and plenty of hot tea. They were warm and comfortable at last, and because it stormed all the next day they waited over. On December 23, four Indians poled the party ten miles up the Queets River in two dugouts. Banta made this entry in his diary: "Here is where I think I want to take a homestead on the North side of the River. Fine land covered with small Cottonwood timber. Indians say that there is a Prairie up the River about 1½ miles."

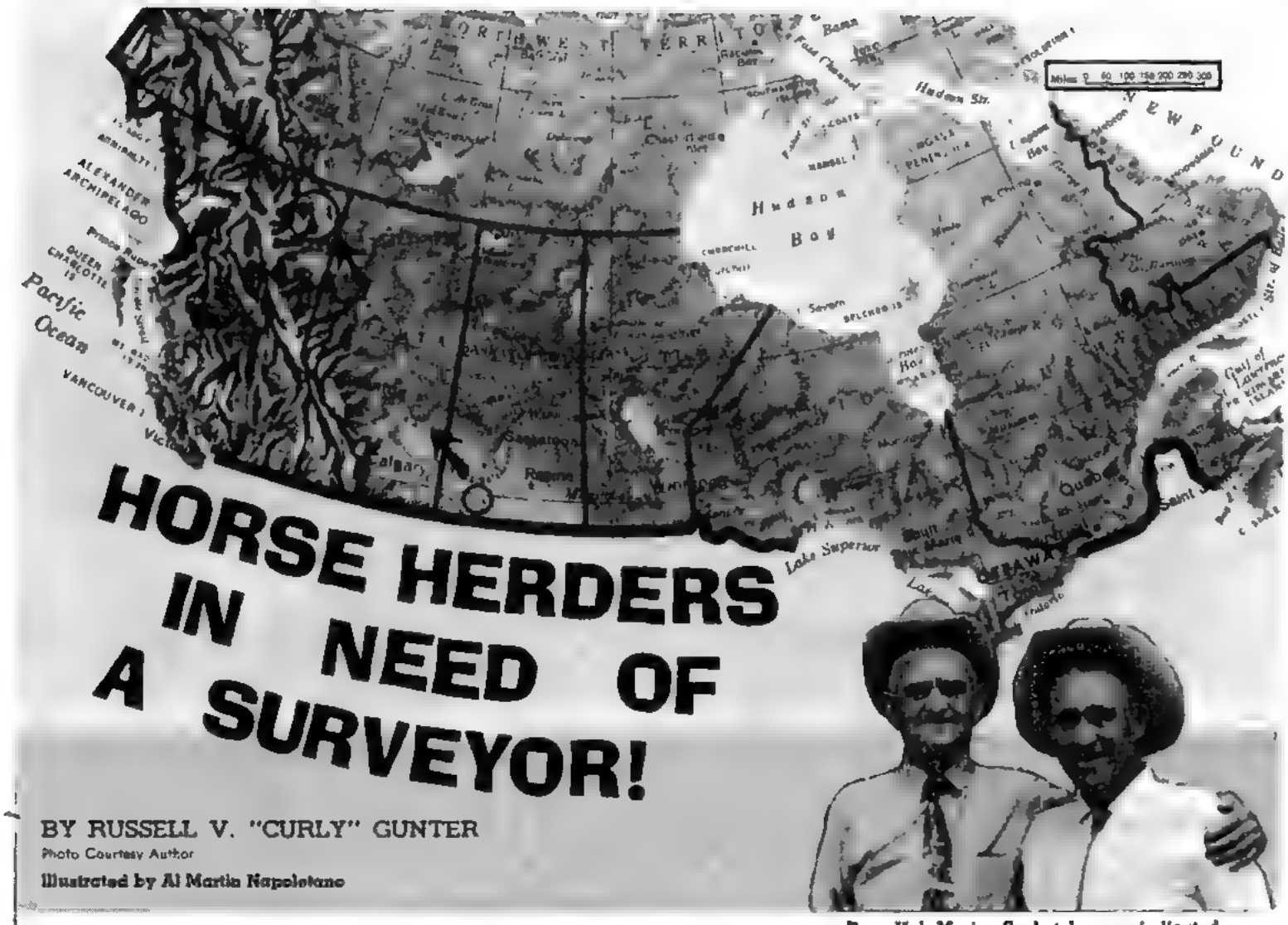
ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1899, they said goodbye to their Indian friends and by compass headed south. Progress over ridges and steep slopes covered with many downed trees was very slow. That night Banta wrote: "Camped tonight right in the middle of a cedar swamp. Clothes wet through and about 2 inches of wet snow on the ground. We are about out of provisions. Going on half rations. I would rather be in Tacoma."

The bedraggled and discouraged party reached the Quinault River, about twenty miles from the ocean, on December 28. Charles Gilman could walk no farther, so their situation was serious. All their food was gone except a small piece of bacon, some tea and coffee. It was unlikely that anyone would be on the river in such stormy weather so their only chance of survival depended on making a canoe and getting down to the ocean. Before dark they selected a spruce tree on the riverbank and felled it. All that night they huddled around their campfire.

Early in the morning Sam Gilman went

(Continued on page 34)

Above and right: Settlers, both unidentified, poling Indian dugouts on the Queets.



HORSE HERDERS IN NEED OF A SURVEYOR!

BY RUSSELL V. "CURLY" GUNTER

Photo Courtesy Author

Illustrated by Al Martin Napolotano

Hell is a ninety-mile range where you can't tell north from south!

Top: Val Marie, Saskatchewan indicated by a circle on lower center of the map. Arrows point toward the area of the new horse ranch (encircled) in British Columbia. Above: Seth (left) and Russell "Curly" Gunter more than thirty years later.

OUR chuckwagon had come to a halt after two and a half months of traveling 1,400 miles across prairie and bushland with a large herd of range horses. We parked the wagon beside a log house near Peavine Creek, marking the end of a long journey from Val Marie in southern Saskatchewan to Peavine Lake in northern British Columbia, where we were starting a new horse ranch.

The log house belonged to my oldest brother, Seth, who had taken a homestead and was running a trap-line about thirty miles southwest of where the city of Dawson Creek stands today. We reached my brother's place on a Saturday evening in October, 1931. The first thing we did was turn our horse herd loose to spread out over the country. They would have unsurveyed territory for ninety miles between Peavine Lake and the snow-capped Rocky Mountains to the west. The chuckwagon had been our home, with a tent for sleeping quarters, for us five wranglers all during the summer. It was mighty nice to have the herd delivered safely and to discard our tent for Seth's cabin.

Our crew had a cook whose name was Blake Powell, but we called him "Whalebone." His helper was a man of sixty-three years—George Patineaude, known by his friends as "Big George." George also drove a wagon. The riders were two young men and myself. One of the young cowboys was Billy Colby, who was slight in build and was always called "Little Bill." The other, Eddy Torrance, who was known as "Rawhide," was a tough little bronco buster, and both were very reliable lads. (We all had nicknames. I had been called "Curly" from childhood because of my hair, and the name has followed me to the present time.)

At the Land Office at Pouce Coupe a claim had been recorded for all of us wranglers, of 800 acres in a block at the head of the inlet to Peavine Lake, for a ranch headquarters. We anticipated a never-ending water supply. Other rivers flowed out from the mountains farther west. The Cutbank River was about six miles from our location. This was a rugged part of the world that the moose, deer and bear still claimed as their own. To reach my brother's place we had followed Indian trails for the last 600 miles through grizzly bear range, and the road had been mighty rough for wagons.

For a seat, Big George had used a robe folded across a board over his wagon box, and that long trail nearly did him in. He claimed his wagon wheels just bounced from one stump root to another. He was a big jolly man who much preferred a cold mug of beer to the river or slough water we usually drank when nothing better was available. He was very generous and our crew all liked Big George. They tried in every way possible to make the trip as easy for him as they could. Big George was a bachelor and very devoted to his dog and his horses. He would almost cry when some of our horses got bogged in a muskeg along the way.

THE Saturday evening we finally reached Seth's it was a treat to sit around a real supper table for a change, so the boys began discussing their plans of building a ranch headquarters up by the spring. They also spoke of cutting some hay that grew around the shore of the lake. It would provide some winter feed during bad weather. They listened to advice that Seth gave them about building material, as he knew where the straight timber grew along the creeks—timber which made ideal construction

logs. Seth already had a stable built and a big stack of sweet smelling hay beside it. Also, he had a pole corral where we could pen up some horses when necessary, to catch our saddle stock. Seth had another log building that he called a meat house, and had plenty of moose meat on hand. The cook was given instructions to use all the meat that the crew could eat, and to feed hay to our wrangle horses that had to be kept up at night. We talked that first night until quite late before rolling our blankets into bunk-beds along the wall.

Shortly after daylight our cook had the bacon and hotcakes stacked up. This Sunday morning Seth was intending to take a team of gentle horses and a wagon with a hayrack, and haul a load of pea-vine-hay to a neighbor who lived nearby. That load of hay was the only thing in the whole big country that our horses might damage.

When breakfast was finished, Eddy and I saddled our ponies to round up a team for Seth, after which we would ride the new range and count horses and study the prospects for their feed. Little Bill had stayed at home to help the cook clean up the breakfast dishes and straighten the house. The sun was bright and warm and as it was such a calm morning Big George felt the need of a short walk to limber his joints from the long wagon ride across western Canada. He could see some horses grazing on a burned-over sidehill about half a mile from the house and he decided to walk over and watch them.

George shaved and changed to clean clothes; he wanted to fix up nice for his first day in British Columbia. He took along a .22 rifle and some ammunition with the intention of bringing back some partridge for dinner.

As George was walking down a narrow trail through the brush with the rifle under his arm, Seth overtook him with the team and wagon. He was on his way to haul the hay and asked George to ride along with him. They could visit while Seth loaded it. George thanked him but refused to ride a wagon anymore; instead he walked beside it, and chatted until they came to a small culvert on a brook. Here George enjoyed a drink of fresh water before climbing the sidehill where the horses were grazing. He said he would be back home for dinner.

From this culvert Seth had pointed out Mr. Lock's homestead where he was taking the hay, and then the two had separated to go their own way. George felt in his pocket for his pipe and tobacco as he was feeling the need of a smoke, but to his dismay he realized that when he had changed his clothes he had forgotten his smoking material. He decided he would just walk around the horses that were in sight and then go home by way of the Lock place and get a smoke.

As George walked around the horses he was pleased at how well they had stood such a long drive. His thoughts returned to his farm near Val Marie, a few miles north of the Montana border, and the terrible drouth there. He also thought of his only sister, a nun at Duck Lake in northern Saskatchewan, and he wondered if it would have been better had he gone to her for awhile. Then he stopped these idle thoughts and walked back to the brook for another drink of water.

THIS WALK had been good for George's appetite. He looked in the direction that Seth had pointed toward the Lock place and started up the valley for a cigarette to tide him over until he could reach Seth's cabin. George could not tell the direction he was traveling, as the sun was never in the proper place for any of us prairie boys. He thought it must be about mid-morning but when he reached for his watch he found he had left it home too. George kept walking and arrived at a log house in the brush with a padlock on its door, but no one was living there. He thought, "That's a queer thing. This is the place Seth pointed out to me where he was going to take that load of hay. I must be turned around somehow." He looked and looked in every direction but had no idea of north, south, east, or west. Had he shouted a time or two he would have been heard, because Seth right then was unloading that hay across the creek about sixty rods from the vacant house.

George walked around the house some more before leaving it. Unfortunately, when he set his course through some black alder brush, dodging the thickest parts, he didn't walk in the direction of Seth's cabin but straight away from it.

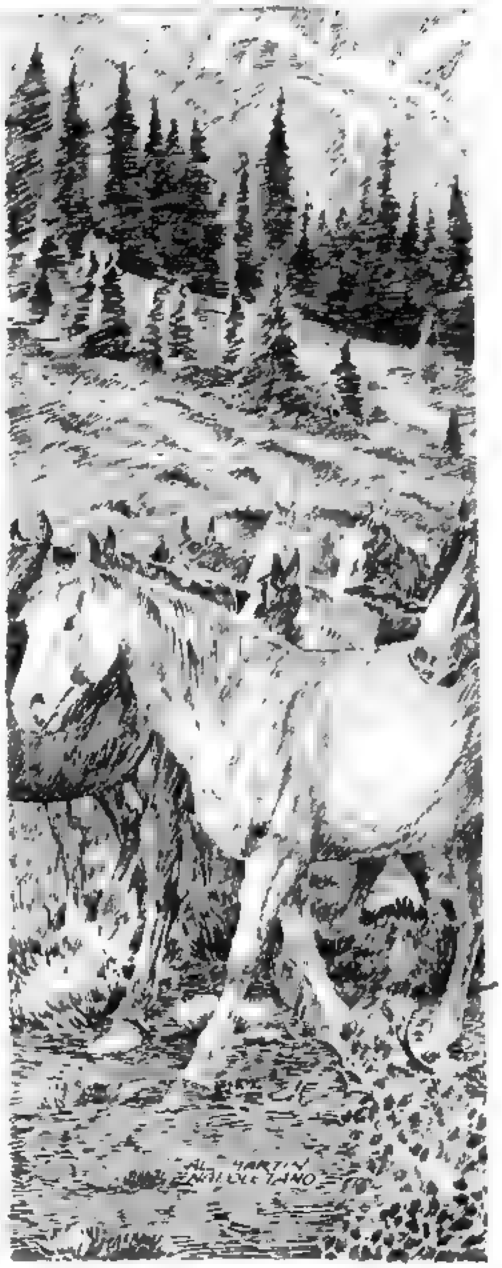
George tramped around for several hours without finding anything to guide him. He felt very hungry and was more in need of a smoke than at any time he could remember. He began to have a mental picture of the large moose roast Whalebone had been preparing when he left. He wanted another drink of water but was never able to find the creek again. He looked at his rifle and wished for a rabbit or grouse to show itself, but nothing did he see.

George tried to hustle then, and as he walked a little bit faster he went up on every high point he could see and shouted and looked for home. He thought, "I'm not lost because I'm only half a mile from Seth's clearing."

About the middle of the afternoon he heard a dog bark and he made haste in that direction, but the dog did not bark anymore, and with all his looking he did not find where the dog lived. George was a husky fellow weighing 225 pounds without the rifle he was packing under his arm. He knew he had to keep on walking and looking. Before twilight he heard a rooster crow. He was terribly hungry and needed a drink of water, and he hurried faster quite cheered by the sound of a rooster—who stopped crowing immediately.

After a while George found a barbed wire fence nailed to some trees in the woods. He followed the fence until he saw a faint trail which he followed until the trail ran out—and he was never able to find that fence again. When George had left home that morning, the sun had been so bright and warm his shirt sleeves were rolled above his elbows. Now there was a real chill in the air. When complete darkness came he was a very tired and hungry man.

He leaned his rifle against a partly burned log and sat down to rest, admitting



he was lost and wondering if the boys would look for him. It was so dark by this time he couldn't see anywhere, even from higher ground.

THE WEARY MAN felt in every pocket he had, and was much surprised to find two matches. He placed his rifle against a tree stump, and gathered dry leaves, twigs and bits of wood. When all was ready George took one of the matches and scratched it across his rump to light it. Bad luck again—that match stick broke in two. The fire end landed a few feet away and went out. After scolding himself for being so careless and so dang clumsy, George treated his last match with a great deal of care and got his twigs started nicely.

As the fire progressed, dry chunks were added until the bonfire was a large one. He hoped that I and the other boys would see its light and come and get him. He felt very tired and he sat on the ground with his back against a burned log, resting but unable to sleep. Around midnight he heard a noise in the brush that caused him some alarm, and he reached for his rifle. Presently, a moose with a large set of horns walked into the

PROHIBITED

light and stared at the fire. It rubbed its neck against a small tree for a minute or so. Big George had the rifle in his hands but he didn't shoot. During his early boyhood days in Quebec Province he had learned all about ferocious animals, and he considered a wounded moose the most savage of them all. Pretty soon the moose moved into the darkness of the trees.

During that long night George felt he had lived a lifetime. He know he should stay by the fire and keep it burning as he had no more matches to make another, but when daylight came hunger overpowered his judgment. Once again George tramped off to higher ground to look around for home, and he was never able to find his bonfire anymore.

All Monday morning the big man plodded on, looking for Seth's clearing. He was suffering from thirst. He was hungry and discouraged. Not even a squirrel had he seen. By Monday evening George was so tired he could scarcely walk, and the weather was bitterly chill for a man with no coat or fire. He tried to stretch his legs on the ground to rest himself but could not sit still very long because of the cold. Climbing to his feet and swinging his arms, he hoped his horse wrangler friends would hunt him up before he starved to death in this unsurveyed country of trees. George felt sure that this was the worst experience of his sixty-three years of living.

George did not sleep any on Monday night because of stomach pains and the frost of the night air. As soon as daylight broke, he started on again but his walk had slowed to a staggering gait. By noon on Tuesday he was tripping on everything in his path and could scarcely go at all. This was his third day out in the wilderness of Canada's unsurveyed North Land. Each day he had shouted as loud and long as possible; now he could hardly shout at all from weakness. George thought of death; he wondered if the boys and I might also have become lost in these strange woods while looking for him. It was a serious affair for all concerned.

BACK at home, Eddie and I had checked over our herd of 100 horses near Peavine Lake on Sunday morning. We also had watched Whalebone fill his oven with moose meat to roast for dinner. When we were washed for dinner, Rawhide asked, "Where is Big George today? Did he go with Seth to get that load of hay?"

Blake replied, "It was such a nice morning he took his rifle and went for a walk. Maybe he met up with Seth as neither of them have come back yet. They could be having a card game over at that neighbor's place. They'll come along after awhile, when they are ready."

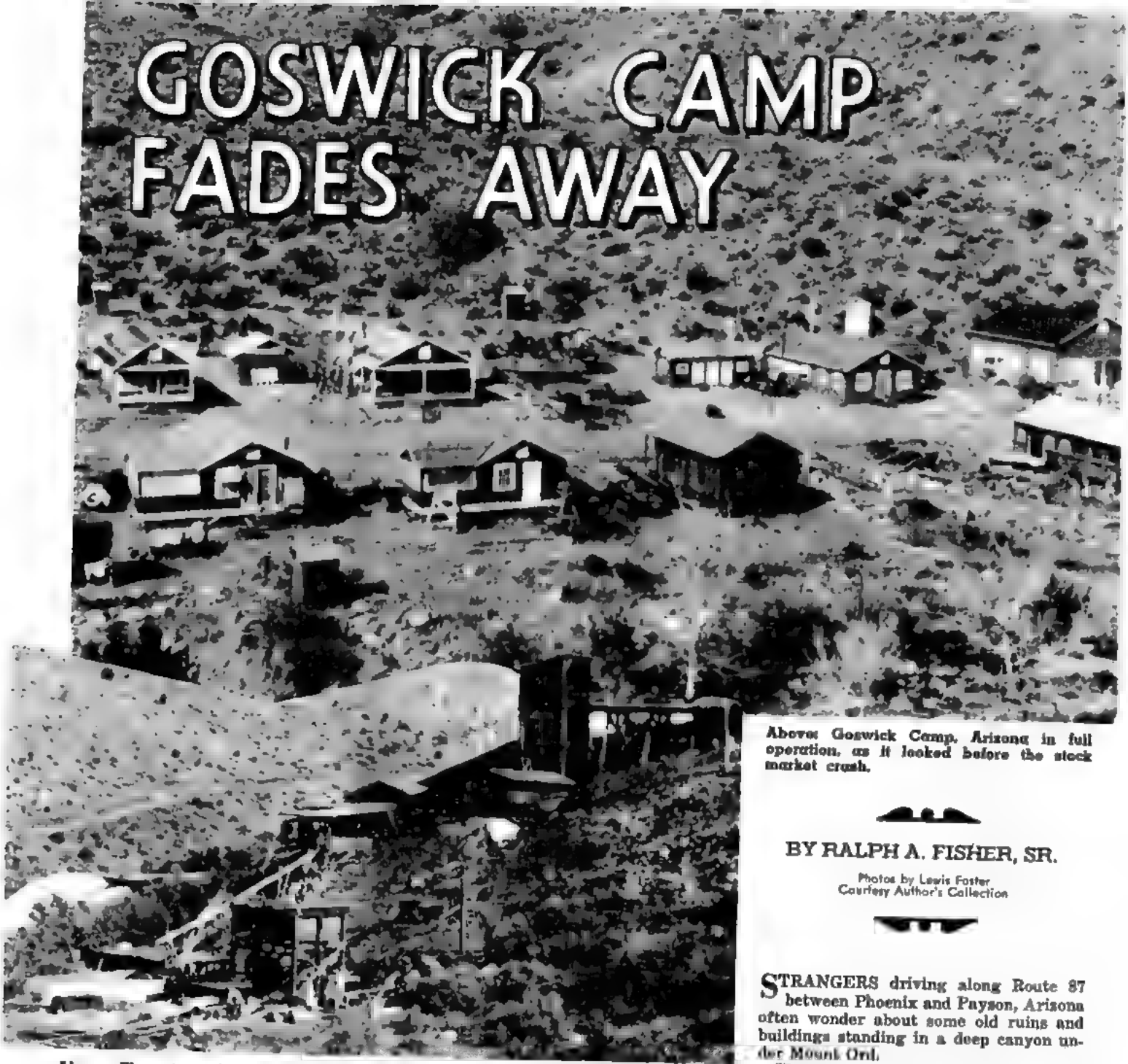
I spent most of the afternoon at my sister's place (Mrs. Dan Smith). She and her husband lived only a few rods away on their own claim. I enjoyed the visit very much but returned home in time to write a letter to my wife and little three-year-old daughter Jean.

About nine o'clock that evening we heard the rattle of a wagon, and Rawhide and I went out to help take care of the team. When we got close we could see that Seth was alone. I quickly asked, "Where did you leave Big George?"

"Didn't the old fellow come home?" Seth answered, "I left him at the bridge this morning. He told me he wanted to look at some horses and then he was

(Continued on page 54)

GOSWICK CAMP FADES AWAY



Above: Goswick Camp, Arizona in full operation, as it looked before the stock market crash.

BY RALPH A. FISHER, SR.

Photos by Lewis Foster
Courtesy Author's Collection

STRANGERS driving along Route 87 between Phoenix and Payson, Arizona often wonder about some old ruins and buildings standing in a deep canyon under Mount Ord.

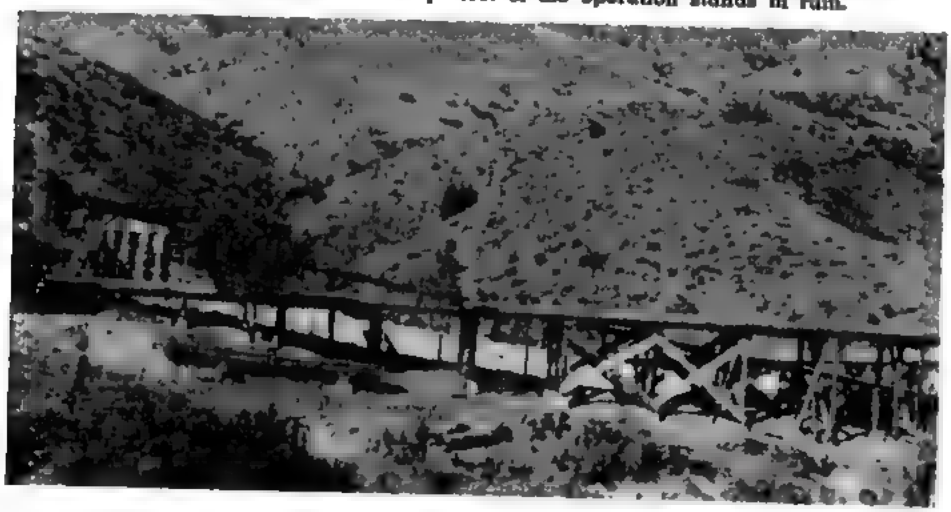
These are the silent remains of Goswick Camp, a mercury mining operation that failed to survive the famous stock-market crash of 1929. By 1932 all operations had ceased.

Since the highway has been improved and the state's population has increased so much since then, vandalism has kept pace to the point that there is little left to enjoy at Goswick Camp.

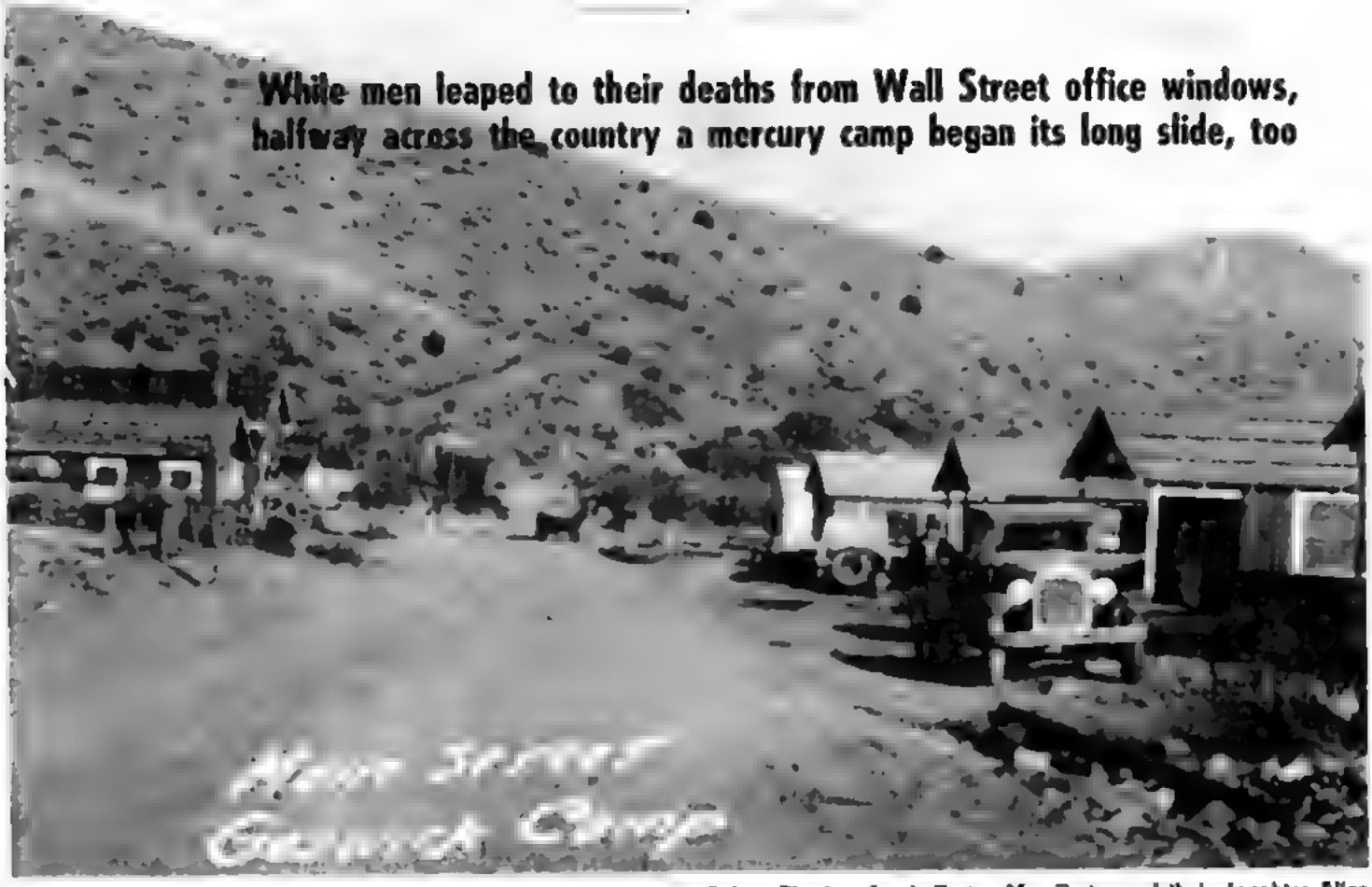
The late Lewis Foster of Silver City, New Mexico was general manager there from 1927 to 1932, and during each summer would move his family to the camp where his three growing children could play about the low rolling hills populated by miners, wildlife, and prickly cacti.

Young Lewis Foster, then only fourteen years of age, told of skipping school at Silver City to travel the rough dusty roads of the 300-mile trip via Lordsburg to Safford, Globe, over the Roosevelt Dam, and through the Tonto Basin to

Above: The mine where the ore was processed during the early days. Below: Ore flume used in mining cinnabar. Today most of the operation stands in ruin.



While men leaped to their deaths from Wall Street office windows, halfway across the country a mercury camp began its long slide, too



Above: Main Street. Below: The late Lewis Foster, Mrs. Foster and their daughter Alice at Goswick Camp, photographed by Lewis, Jr.

Goswick Camp just to be with his dad. Lewis, Jr., now retired from the USAF, lives in the old home in Silver City with his family, and during a recent interview told of the settlement's active days.

"Cinnabar was mined in the hills and processed into raw mercury at the mine, then the heavy flasks were shipped by truck over Roosevelt Dam and the old Apache Trail up steep Fish Creek Hill into Phoenix, the nearest railroad center," he related.

"A 75-pound flask of mercury brought $45, a much lower price than the current $75 value for a flask of the same weight and quality."

Later, in an interview with the widow of the late Lewis Foster, Sr., at Doc Campbell's Post, located at Gila Hot Springs, Gila National Forest, I obtained more information on the present ghost town deep in the Arizona hills.

"One bright and sunny day I decided to do a complete house cleaning of our Goswick Camp home, and asked one of the company engineers if there were any capable men available," said Mrs. Foster.

" 'Sure, Mrs. Foster, why just yesterday a husky Apache from the San Carlos Reservation came in seeking employment,' answered the engineer. 'I'll locate him and send him to you at once.'

"That husky Indian cleaned, dusted, washed windows, did the dishes, ate three hearty meals, and was as meek and silent as any Indian that ever presented a big smile when paid off in two silver half-dollars," Mrs. Foster remembered. "That evening when Lew returned from the mine and saw the bright and sparkling house, he commented about my having had a very busy day.

" 'I had a very able Apache assist me all day. He gets the credit for the sparkle and shine.' I told my husband.

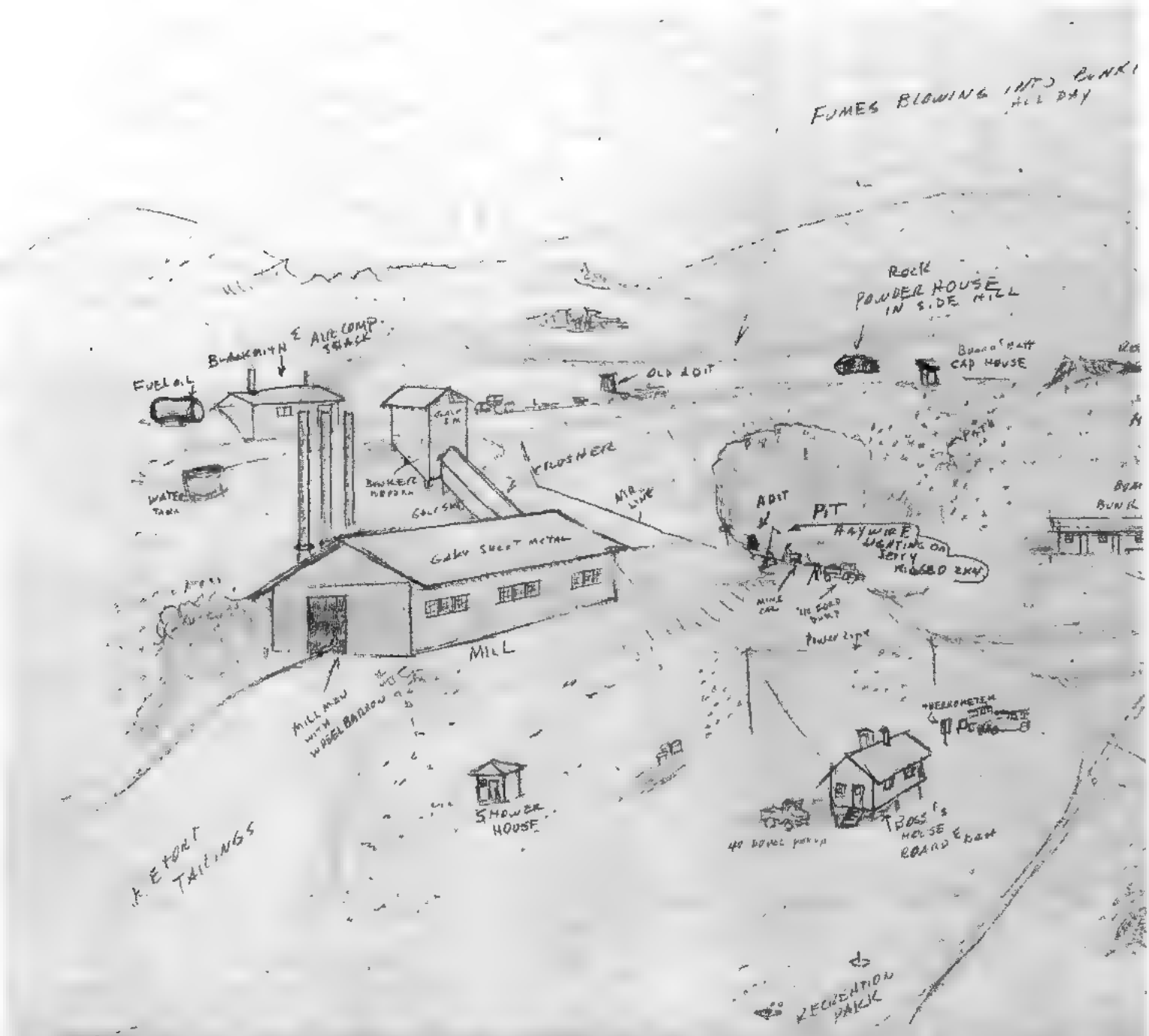
" 'What Indian?' he asked quickly.

" 'The Indian that applied at the employment office for a job yesterday,' I said.

" 'Good Lord, woman, do you know how lucky you—we—all of us are?' Lewis sighed as he slowly sank into his chair. 'That Indian was an escaped murderer from the reservation and was picked up by the county sheriff and a posse just a few minutes ago.' "

MANY of the once neat homes have long been torn down or destroyed by fire and a right-of-way for today's modern highway. The highway engineers

(Continued on page 42)



MY SUMMER WITH A P&H

BY M. L. COVERSTON

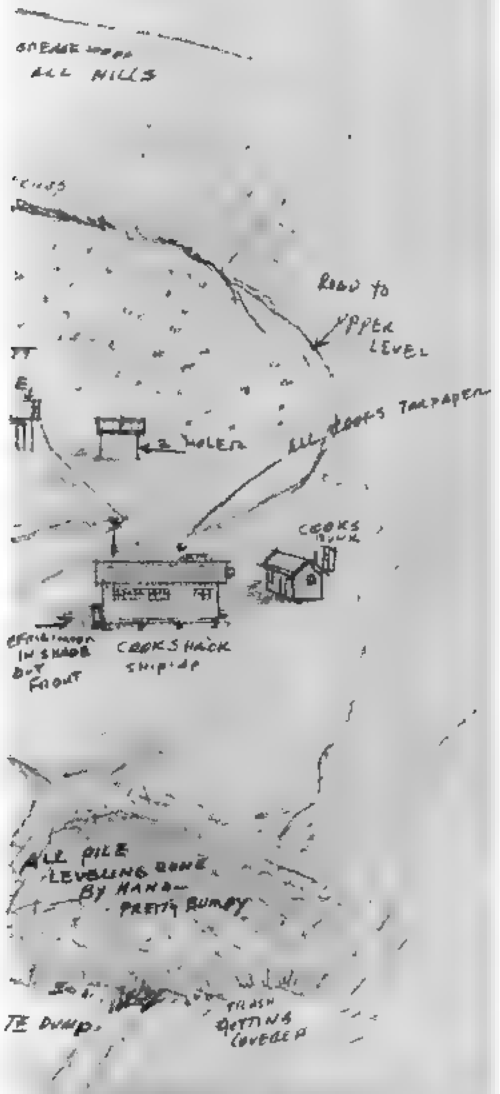
Photos Courtesy Author

Illustration by Author of Wild Horse Camp when in operation

HELP was needed at Wild Horse Mine. The name stampeded through my mind. I had been looking for a job and had rustled every local source that a kid of nineteen could imagine himself able to handle. Then a friend of a friend told me that a mutual acquaintance, Bob, had a real position running a P and H shovel out at Wild Horse. Now if Bob could get a job running a P and H shovel, then surely I should be able to get a job driving a truck, being a couple years his senior. By ten the next morning I was standing in line at the bank window, drawing out half of my life's savings.

I needed transportation and figured that $50 ought to do the trick. It didn't take me long to cover all the garages in town and find out what was available in my price class. It narrowed down to a Model B Ford with a worn-out ring-gear on the flywheel and no exhaust pipe, or a dainty '30 Chevrolet sedan that rightfully should have belonged to a little old lady. The deal was closed on the Chev for forty-five hard-earned dollars and, after a final home-cooked meal, the old Chev and I poked our noses out of the city limits and headed for one of the more isolated spots in Nevada. Wild Horse was fifty miles from the nearest vestige of civilization then, and it is forty miles from any today.

Thirty-five miles an hour was a fair speed and we steadily ate up the road as we edged our way to the rim of the irrigated lands. We passed "half-house" where at some past date two brothers had had a fight and one took half of the house and left—which made an interesting story and also an interesting house; then passed the "haunted house" with its green shades closing its paneless windows to the sun. Our next habitation was an early pioneer ranch, followed by an old two-story adobe



SHOVEL

"There was eatin' time, quittin' time, Fourth of July, and payday. That was it."

freight-wagon stop. This latter place had been a first night's stop for the old mule-drawn mine freighters, so regardless of my ancient vehicle I was beating the daylights out of the teamsters' speed of not many years before.

The traffic was light inside the green valley area, but when the old Chev and I crossed the last drain-ditch and passed the last cottonwood tree, there were no more cars venturing into the desert. (As recently as 1947 I traveled this stretch and met only one car in 112 miles. There are more now; at times you might meet a dozen or so on this stretch.)

The Chev and I were on our own, with nothing between us and a long walk but carefree youth and hope. Salt Wells, a second-day freight stop, slid by with twelve miles of salt and adobe mud flats beyond. The pinkish salt pools, lying in the barrow pits along the road, smelled high. It was no place for a breakdown or flat tire. I could see Sand Springs wavering in the distant mirage ten miles away, and soon brushed through this settlement which had been a Pony Express station and later the third-day freight stop. A scattered brace of shacks, sheds, chicken coops and abandoned touring cars made up the downtown section. A sign dangling from the leaning porch of the one occupied building announced that water was 25¢ a gallon. Take it or leave it.

I headed right through town, which took about twenty seconds, and started the climb out of the valley. The grade was easy and hardly slowed us at all. As I passed the Summit King mine, I wondered if there was any employment there that I could handle. But they didn't have a P and H shovel or any trucks around, so I headed on over the summit.

ABOUT half-way down the next canyon I could look out across Frenchmen's Flat and see Frenchmen's Station quivering in the bright reflection from the flat. This was the point we always kicked our cars into neutral and got a long free ride. Forty, then fifty miles an hour, and no noise but gravel occasionally kicking a fender and wind rushing through the open windows, then as a good mile of coasting slid by, I revved up the engine and got back in gear. Suddenly it seemed as though I was going twice as slow with three times the engine noise as before.

Frenchmen's Station dropped into the background and the Wonder and Fairview signs were left behind—Fairview to the right with a crude hand-painted sign on a piece of Hercules Powder box; Wonder to the left with a sign of galvanized tin shaped like an arrow and with holes poked in it. This method prevented sand from blasting off the name or direction.

It was downhill all the way from there, past West Gate, a gap in the low hills with nothing but a windmill flickering in the sun and a stone stock tank in the center of a small splash of green grass. Middle Gate was only a willow corral, and East Gate crouched in the sand hills in the not-too-far distance. East Gate represented the end of the paved road, the last grove of trees, and the last people I would see for fifty deserted miles. It also had the last bar, serving the well known "East Gate Highball." This was whiskey and water (dipped from a bucket)—and served at room temperature.

Drinking was not a vice I could afford, so I turned left and headed north. This was the great unexplored Nevada wasteland. Thoughtlessly I failed to take an odometer reading, so I had no idea how far I was traveling or when I might arrive. The road was just two tracks through greasewood.

After a while I saw a peculiar rock formation ahead and pulled abreast for a better look. It was a pile of laid-up rock walls. I wandered through the rooms and noticed the fireplace was still intact. A new roof and a clean floor and windows, if you were fussy, were about all it needed to be livable. Early ranchers had long since taken all the wood to put to other use. Later I found out this was the Clear Creek Pony Express Station. It is still there, but protected now by a high wire fence.

I headed on up the road, still motoring along at thirty-five as it was a good straight desert stretch. It had once been the cross-country Lincoln Highway, and the red, white and blue enamel signs poked up every few miles even though it had been left to die. (History repeats itself, though, for the latest highway now parallels the old route.)

Life was beautiful; I was on my own; my thoughts were on the money I would make and not on my driving. Down the Chev went into a long gully—and too little and too late I hit the brakes. The front end of the car dropped into a deep cross-cut and bounded off the ground like a wild mustang. With a resounding crunch, the front doors flew open like elephant ears and attempted to continue their way to the ground. Both top hinges tore loose—and there I sat with my $50 investment, doors hanging askew. Being of the old school I never traveled without a coil of Mormon rawhide, so with a little heaving I got the doors closed and wired in place, and went onward to Wild Horse in a cloud of dust.

I was tempted to cross a ten-mile long dry lake bed, as those flats were of much better quality than most of the roads in dry weather, but not knowing where I was going, I stuck to the desert road.

A few more miles and the hills were beginning to turn pink. The dust-devils were dying, done for the day with boring holes in the sky. The road began winding its way into a small canyon, following the dry wash of past winter storms. My speed dropped to five miles per hour as I threaded between the rocks sticking up through the sand. The country did not vary much; it was just driving out of one gulch into a wide gap and then into another gulch.

But at the end of a long pull up a gravelly hogback my old dependable Chev died with only a few parting gasps. I checked the gasoline—okay; the lights worked; I really didn't know what to do next. What I didn't know was that the intake pipe in the gas tank had been put in wrong and that it stuck up about four inches from the botton. I had plenty of gas, but not where it could do me any good.

There wasn't any choice in the matter. I sat on the running board and ate a sandwich and apple, grabbed a couple blankets from my roll, and settled down

ROHIBITED

Above: Looking out of the main tunnel across to the bunkhouse location. Pit wall appears as rocky cliffs at tunnel bottom. Right: Mill foundation with retorted tailings. The men are not identified.

in the front seat. The sun soon set and I fell asleep.

I WAS awakened by car lights flashing in the darkness and a pickup pulled alongside. "Hey, what are you doing out here?" came a voice.

"I'm going to work at Wild Horse."

"That's funny. I don't recall hiring you and I'm the boss."

"Well, I mean I'm going to try and go to work for you."

"Why didn't you go on into camp?"

"I'm broke down and don't know where camp is."

"Just around the corner about a quarter-mile. Hop in; you can sleep in camp tonight."

I went.

The next morning I was calling on the boss before breakfast, but he had no job for me and I felt like kicking a rattlesnake.

"Stick around and have a little grub before you go," he said.

"Thanks, but I have some stuff in the car." (I was lying.)

"Well, take a gallon of gas with you just in case."

I took the gas, thanked him and hiked back to the car, poured in the gas and in a few seconds the old heap started, leaving me baffled as to why it had quit. Back in camp I gathered my bedding and threw it in a big glob in the back seat, got in and was wiring the door closed when the boss strolled over.

"Pull over to the gas drum and I'll fill it up for you."

"Thanks," was all I could think of to say.

About that time Bob came panting down the slope. "Hey wait a minute, you can have my place!"

"That's great—except I can't run a shovel."

"You can run the one I've been running," he laughed in a sinister way.

"That P and H?"

"Yeah—'Push and Heave', with a short-handled #2 muckstick."

I was hired on as the new shovel operator and "Push and Heave" it was.

The first day I worked alongside a former schoolmate of mine and although we had never been great buddies, we instinctively formed up in a team of two raw kids against a bunch of old pros. That day was one of the worst I put in. I was soft and my hands were not exactly calloused. We were cleaning out a stope of all the rocks that had been set aside as being too big for the crusher. Our job consisted of hitting the rocks with a sledge hammer until they were small enough to go into the crusher. This also entailed wheeling them in a steel-wheeled barrow a hundred feet or so and dumping them into the truck.

About 3:00 in the afternoon I knocked a chip off that buried itself in my arm. I had never seen blood spurt so far and so fast except for a brief encounter with watching cows get dehorned. When I sat down to contemplate my injury, my blood pressure went down also. The boss happened to drop by to see how things were going, and he immediately offered to take me to town to see the doctor.

"Believe me," I said, "I'd rather bleed to death than drive back to town," and I meant it. That ended that, even though it was ten years before I finally got that chip of rock out of my arm.

Sitting around the cookhouse table each evening was the highlight of the day. Most everyone was usually in high spirits. The majority were bachelors, as only a desperate man would leave his family a hundred miles away in the nearest town. The cook was a friendly middle-aged woman whose husband did the bull cooking. She dished out good food and a lot of give and take. The boss' wife was the only other woman in camp. I wonder how lonely she was, as we seldom saw her outside. It was 105° in the day and down to 45° at night—hardly any time left to stroll down the canyon.

One evening the crusher man was grousing and remarked, "You guys been shoving rocks down there as big as my head."

The mill man smiled and said, "Yeah, but not so thick." (Another complaint bit the dust.)

Wisecracks had their place. One man was sent up on a hill behind camp, out of reach of the air compressor so hand drilling was in order. He came down after his shift and slumped on the wooden bench in front of the bunkhouse.

"What's the matter? We didn't hear any shots before you left," somebody said.

"Ha! You won't hear any tomorrow, either. The rock up there is so hard I had to keep my thumb on the drill mark during lunch so I wouldn't lose my place."

The weather got hotter as summer advanced and we finally had to work the underground shift during the day and the open pit at night. One night Al and I were mucking into the truck from the pit. We got a load stacked on and had both climbed into the truck to take it to the bunker. There were no lights up there so one man sort of had to direct whoever was driving so he would put the truck over the bunker instead of in it.

About ten minutes later we returned to the pit and the miner and his helper were waiting to clean our hides. Well, if there is anything that sounds like pure bull when you are honestly innocent, let me know. Their hair was up and they

(Continued on page 58)

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"Elephant Rock" on the Quinault Indian Reservation at the mouth of Raft River.

Old Queets Valley Settlement

(Continued from page 24)

off to find some game. A few hours later as Banta and Sharp were chopping away at the log but making little progress, a canoe carrying four white men came down the river. They had been up above the lake selecting claims and had run out of food.

There was room for only one more in their dugout, so Charles Gilman went with them to Taholah, promising he would send back provisions by some Indians who lived fifteen miles downstream.

Late the next day a shot was heard and in a few minutes two dugouts appeared with four Quinault Indians: Charlie *High, Molex, Ha Ha Mally,* and Jim Chow Chow. They had brought "plenty Muck-a-Muck"—three loaves of bread, potatoes, flour and salt salmon.

Next day down at Taholah, E. W. Agar, the government agent, was astounded to hear that the surveying party had come through that north country in winter.

"This day is New Years 1890!" was Banta's diary entry next morning. Charles Gilman could not walk, and it was twenty-five miles down to the north side of Grays Harbor, so he hired a Quinault Indian to take him and the luggage in a wagon. A stop was made at Grigsby's Place at Copalis (then called Chepalis). "Had a splendid meal; paid 25¢ apiece," wrote Banta with satisfaction.

The party had just missed the sailboat that made one trip a week, so it was necessary to wait in a cabin at Oyhut. Every day it stormed.

At Grays Harbor City, Banta and Sharp left the Gilmans. From Hoquiam they went up the Chehalis River on the *Tillie* to Montesano, where they stayed one night at the Olympia Hotel for $1 each. The new courthouse there was almost completed. Total cost—$14,000!

From here the men took a train to Kamilche and then boarded the sternwheeler *Multnomah* for Tacoma. On their arrival, January 7, 1890, Banta recorded, "We have been out just five weeks; total cost each, $37."

Just the day before, January 6, Charles Gilman had passed through Tacoma on his way back home to St. Cloud, Minnesota. In a newspaper interview he said, "My son and I explored the Peninsula region never before made by any person now known." The article also stated: "Gilman is much fatigued and shows effects of the hardships by considerable lameness." Gilman evidently made no mention of Banta or Sharp on this trip which would have been impossible without them.

When Banta pasted this news-clipping in his diary, he made this acid comment: "Mr. Gilman is quite selfish in making his report of the trip as Mr. Sharp and I were with them all the way."

BANTA lost no time on his new project. He and his partner kept themselves busy setting up an office in Room 14 at 1002½ Tacoma Avenue and in making arrangements to organize a Colony to settle on the Queets River. "We charge $50 for our services. They pay us nothing until they see the land and are satisfied," Banta wrote.

Ads were placed in newspapers and cards were printed. Results were gratifying. On February 4, Ed Grant and L. S. Carr went with Banta to assist in marking out claims of 160 acres in Queets Valley. On March 11, eight more Tacomans "settled"—Adam Matheny, John Hollenbeck, J. G. Tisdale, B. Workman, J. H. Gardner, A. W. Grant, J. J. McGarry, and F. R. Baker. The last two later decided not to take up a homestead claim.

John Banta put up a small log cabin for himself, and then assisted the other men in building simple homes for their families. There were no roads and very few trails then on the Peninsula, so all travel to early settlements was along the ocean beach or the rivers.

Between the Quinault and Queets Rivers, a distance of about fourteen miles, rise the towering eroded cliffs of Cape Elizabeth on the Indian reservation. Early pioneers called this formidable section "Point Of Rocks." It could be passed only at lowest tides and through a natural arch which was named "Casteel Tunnel." Although much enlarged now by abrasive action of violent storms, it was then twenty feet long and less than five feet high. It was such a dangerous place it is remarkable that no one ever drowned there.

Banta wrote of it: "We had quite a scaly time comng home through the Tunnel. Some of the boys thought their time had come. The wind had blown hard all night and was still blowing that day. Kept the tide in and going through the Tunnel. It filled entirely full of water and we had to watch our chance to go through. We all got wet. Tisdale and Gardner (poor fellows) thought they would never get out of that hole, but thank the good Lord we all came out safe and sound but well salted. Hope to live to see the Queets Settlement the Best in the Land!"

A few miles north of Cape Elizabeth, Raft River enters the ocean, and this swift stream would have been a problem had natives there not have been willing to ferry people across. Just offshore is a striking formation known as "Elephant Rock," about which several Indian legends exist.

The ocean beach route had been so grueling that Banta and Sharp decided to charter a boat to take the next group of settlers to Queets Valley. On April 22, 1891; "Our Colony set sail today on board the *Lucy Lowe*. There are 56 in our party. [Banta's sister, Mrs. Nelson McKee, her husband and their six children were among those listed]. We had provisions for 3 months, some chickens, 4 dogs and 3 cats. Hoisted the flag and started about 9 a.m."

The *Lucy Lowe* arrived at Neah Bay the next evening, while a storm was brewing. "Went out to Cape Flattery. Found the wind blowing from the S.E. and the sea rough. Put back to Neah Bay. Went out Friday beyond Lighthouse on Tatoosh Island. Returned again to Neah Bay. Waiting a day we went out again to see how the wind blew. Too rough, returned again."

On April 28, Captain McDonald ventured as far south as Destruction Island. Huge seas forced another retreat to Neah Bay. The passengers were very seasick and frightened. Mr. Grant decided he had had enough and returned to Tacoma.

Then on May 1, the wind subsided and the *Lucy Lowe* made it safely down the coast and anchored off the mouth of Queets River. A number of Indians in their long ocean-going dugouts were soon beside the vessel to unload the passengers and freight. It took a lot of courage to step into those narrow canoes, but all the colonists got ashore without mishap.

The freight was piled safely high up on the beach except for a few crates of chickens, four sacks of flour and fifty pounds of meat which had tumbled into the ocean.

THE COLONISTS' troubles were far from over. It had rained so heavily

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during the storm that the Queets was too high and swift for travel. They had to camp for a week on the ocean beach. During the wait some of the men chopped out a rough trail to the nearest homestead.

Back in Tacoma, nothing had been heard about the *Lucy Lowe* after she left Neah Bay and it was feared she might have foundered. F. W. Grimes, a druggist, volunteered to go up to the Queets via the beach route and Grays Harbor to find out. On May 12, the Tacoma *Evening News* carried an article with this headline; "The Settlers Are Alive And Well." On July 12, the *Lucy Lowe* was chartered again to transport a load of freight and six more homesteaders: John Pome, T. D. Turner, R. A. Tripple, L. McAdams, John Goodell, and Jack Beard.

A month later, Banta and Sharp almost ended their business venture. They had climbed Mount Olympus, and on their return down the river their dugout struck a rock. Banta, who was in the front, was thrown into the water. His foot had caught in a coil of wire, and he was dragged under the canoe before he could free himself. He almost drowned. "A very close call," he commented in the diary.

In 1893 John Banta married Clement Johnson's daughter, Alice Annie Read. She was a young widow who had moved to Tacoma from Colorado with her small son William Clarence. When the Bantas moved up to the Queets her parents took a claim up there. Banta had built a two-story house and this became the post office for "Evergreen."

John Banta was really best suited as a promoter and did not care much for ranching so he became restless. In 1895 he and his family moved down to California. Sadly, not long after, Alice became ill and decided to return to Queets to be with her parents. She was the first person to be buried in the Valley. She died in 1897 at age forty-eight. Her grave is near Matheny Creek.

Banta remarried and moved to Oregon where for about twenty-five years he was an orchardist near Salem. On May 8, 1933 at age eighty he died in Olympia, Washington.

S. Price Sharp let his claim revert to the government. Clarence Read, Banta's stepson, stayed on with his grandparents and began to carry mail between Evergreen and Clearwater Settlement. He was trailed by cougars so often he carried a gun.

Several years later he went into partnership with Harry Thompson and Martin Erickson. They built a packing plant at the mouth of the Queets, and shipped barrels of salt salmon on their sailboat *Vera* down to Hoquiam and from there by train to Tacoma. After the *Vera* burned, she was replaced with the larger *Phoenix*.

Evergreen was a thriving community. Gardens and orchards flourished. Banta had set out many young apple trees, and one newcomer in those early days had brought cuttings of red cabbage-roses to every woman in the Valley. Wild game abounded—elk, deer, and bear. There were wild blackberries, huckleberries, salmon-berries, and elderberries. Fish were easily caught in the rivers and there were ocean clams. It was a good life.

The James Donaldson family had settled in 1892. One month after they arrived, James Jr. had a foot crushed in felling a tree and it was amputed by the government doctor down at Taholah. In later years James Donaldson taught at Lincoln High School in Tacoma. His sister Margaret married Ransom Higley who courted her when he was alternating with his cousin Orte Higley when they carried the mail those twenty-eight miles by trail between Quinault Settlement and Evergreen on the Queets. Higley Peak which rises high above Lake Quinault was named for that family.

Frank Schaupp, one of the first to prove up in the Queets Valley, was also one of the first to drive over the $10,000,000 Olympic Loop Highway which opened on August 26, 1931 with an impressive ceremony at Kalaloch.

One of Zane Grey's popular western novels was inspired by a summer he vacationed in the Upper Queets River Valley.

But few things remain today to indicate that for fifty years a prosperous community existed in this part of the Olympic Peninsula.

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NUGGETS

THE FEATHERSTON MERCANTILE STORE

By Melinda R. Bailey

FOR seventy years the citizens of Chilton, Texas patronized the Featherston Mercantile Store for everything from horse collars and gingham to canned salmon and latest news. In the days when a general store was the center of the community, a customer could buy a man's shirt for $1 and pay for it a year later; or purchase a slab of beef that was cut right before his eyes and preserve it with five cents worth of ice from the Main Street ice house.

Right: J. B. Featherston Mercantile Store taken the winter of 1923. Inside the store (inset), date and people unknown.

Note: Since 1901 the Featherstons have dropped the "e" from their name—except for a grandson who still prefers the old spelling!

Photos Courtesy Author

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Featherston in front of their store a short time before it closed.

The store was first established in 1901 by J. H. Featherston, and was taken over by his son, J. B., in 1935. Chilton, located near Waco, had a population of 500 persons around 1900 and it has the same today.

Mrs. J. B. Featherston recalls, "In the early days we handled our credit on a yearly basis. We took in farm implements such as plows, or mules and wagons, as collateral, and accounts were due every October. People did what they could, and I found more honest than dishonest people."

She remembered that customers rarely paid accounts in advance, "But one time W. H. Calvary, one of our customers, paid his yearly account, and explained that he had $150 left over. He put it toward the next year's account. Such a thing was almost unheard of then."

Besides credit procedures, Mrs. Featherston saw a lot of other changes take place over the years. In the early part of the century, the need for grocery items was not as great as for other things. Most families owned their own cows and chickens and had gardens.

"At first we carried mostly staple items like coffee, sugar, flour and beans," she said. "Canned goods were limited because of the little demand for them. We did have sardines, salmon and Vienna sausage, though."

"Dry goods" meant just about anything other than groceries, items such as feed, medicines, tobacco, clothing, piece goods, linens, ammunition and so on.

"When we first began, gingham sold for ten cents a yard, thread was a nickel, and you could buy a good towel for a quarter. We also sold twenty-five pounds

of flour for a dollar, and a can of Vienna sausage was ten cents."

ABOUT 1915 demand for grocery items began to increase. The Featherston Mercantile Store soon stocked perishable products—beef, bread, milk, eggs and cheese.

"The laws were different then," Mrs. Featherston recalled. "You could buy a cow from an individual for $10 or $15, have it butchered, and just cut it yourself in the store." Parts such as soupbones and livers were just thrown away or given away.

Meat was kept in an ice house which was insulated with cottonseed hulls. Usually about 300 pounds of ice was kept in the house at one time.

"We had an ice house on Main Street for a long time," Mrs. Featherston said, "and not only did we keep perishable items there, but we also sold some of the ice. I believe ten pounds cost five cents." Ice was delivered to Chilton by a train that came from Waco. "This was the way all of our items came to us. Salesmen from wholesale companies would come into Chilton on the morning train. Then they would rent a buggy and visit all the small towns in the area." After taking the orders, the salesmen would return to Waco on the late train.

MRS. FEATHERSTON is quick to admit that running the community store was not always a placid succession of days. "I imagine my husband and I were robbed about thirty-five times over the years," she said. "In the early days we didn't have much law protection except for a justice of the peace, so robberies were pretty regular.

"I remember one time in particular. My husband was in Waco and I was at home playing cards with some of my friends. A man came to the door and told me that our store was going to be robbed that night."

Mrs. Featherston explained that the man, Hamon Wright, said that the "robbers" had asked him to back his truck up to the back door of the store and help them load the merchandise.

"Hamon wouldn't do it," she said, "and he came to warn us. I couldn't reach my husband so I called Justice of the Peace Freeman who said he would notify the sheriff of Marlin, a few miles away."

As it turned out, Freeman didn't contact the sheriff, but decided to handle the situation alone. He hid behind the store's front door, and when the robbers, attempting to enter through the skylight, broke the glass, Freeman ran outside. He then ran to the back of the store and fired three shots into it, scaring the robbers away. We found the bullets later. He'd just shot a pair of our good leather shoes!

"Of course, they were caught," Mrs. Featherston said, "and my husband was so grateful to Hamon that he gave him a new suit of clothes."

Mrs. Featherston has always been grateful that there was never a fire in the store. "Because" she said, "in the early days we didn't have a fire engine, and all our water came from the well in the middle of Main Street. We used the 'bucket brigade' system. And insurance was a thing of the future."

In 1971 the J. B. Featherston family sold their store to Carl Strodoff, and retired.

"We made a lot of friends over the years," Mrs. Featherston said, "and we still have a lot of them. The most satisfying thing is that I think we really helped a lot of people—running an old-time mercantile store affords you plenty of opportunity."

Photo Courtesy Author

On "the" day, left to right, James, Rosie, and Mary, with Georgie sitting on the table.

A TRIP TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER

By Mary Libal Barker

GOING to a photographer to have a picture taken of the children was a major undertaking in the life of a Nebraska farm family fifty years ago—it became an *earth-shaking* event when the family was Czech-speaking, poor, and "town-shy."

For a long time Mama, who knew not one word of English, had been after Papa to get a picture taken. "What if one of our children were to die—I would not have even a likeness to console me!" was her most common plaint. (It became more persuasive when she realized another baby was on the way.)

Papa was averse to spending his hard-earned, needed money on such a frivolous venture. He could see no spectre of death hanging over his energetic, food-consuming children—Rosie eight, Mary six (that was I), James four, and

(Continued on page 80)

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

Outlaw-Lawmen

Enclosed is a photo which I think you will find unique. This is the group which appeared at the opening of our National Center and Association for Outlaw-Lawman History on June 10 at Utah State University, Logan, Utah. There were others who were not in this photo, unfortunately, including Matt Warner's two children, Boyo and Joyce Warner, and others. Our center is receiving nationwide publicity, I am gratified to say. —Kerry Ross Boren, 4759 Rifle Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84107

Attending the June 10, 1974 opening. Seated: Lula Parker Betenson, Butch Cassidy's sister. Center row, left to right: Marvel Lay Murdock, daughter of Elza Lay; "Cowboy Joe" Marsters, last survivor of the Wild Bunch; Barbara, Lula Betenson's daughter; Pearl Baker, author of *Wild Bunch At Robbers Roost;* William C. Linn, Vice President of Pinkerton's Detective Agency. Back row: Barbara's husband (glasses) and Harvey Murdock, grandson of Elza Lay.

Sentiment Still Lives

It wasn't headlined on the cover of the September FRONTIER TIMES, but to me it was one of the finest stories in the whole issue. I refer to "Little Joe the Loner" by Hattie E. Johnson. Surely most of your readers will find the story full of human kindness and understanding as I did, and surely most of us would like to see more articles of this caliber. —Wendell E. Smith, 1635 Alpine Terrace Road, Alpine, California 92001

First-Hand Knowledge Wanted

As an ardent fan of your magazines, I read all of your stories, but my favorite department is the letters from the old-timers. I have made many friends over the years through this column. If there are any old-timers or relatives of same out there who would like to contact me, I would be eternally grateful. I am now writing a book and am trying to get all the information together that I can get. I have been gathering manuscripts, photos, letters and complete works of the West for twenty-three years. I am ready to put it to good use. Anything included in my book will be given with credits.

I will appreciate anything at all of interest about the Old West.—Bill Kelly, 12636 Dale, Garden Grove, California 92641

Another Farewell to Butch Clark

We enjoyed reading the article in the July issue about the late Butch Clark, "Life on an Idaho Ranch." We had the opportunity to know Butch and his wife Helen, who is a talented writer and artist. They didn't have too much money nor worldly goods but they were always there to give someone a helping hand. Butch was a typical Western cowboy. I believe at one time or another he had just about every bone in his body broken from rodeoing around the Northwest.

We last saw Butch Clark in September 1973. He was very ill and died November 9, 1973. The world will miss a very colorful and interesting person. Thank you for publishing his story.—Mr. & Mrs. Gordon Nesbet, Wagon Wheel Motel, 2620-10th Avenue South, Great Falls, Montana 59401

Mary Rose

I enjoy your magazine very much. I really love Western history and have a stack of old Western books about three feet high, and I never throw one away nor loan them out as I'm afraid I wouldn't get them back. I would like to let you know I read Hal Leary's article, "A Rope For Mary Rose" in the January 1974 issue. I can't say I "enjoyed" reading it because the incidents in the story were so pathetic. However, the author is an excellent writer and he did a fine job on the story. I wrote the Ouray Historical Society and got a reprint of the story as it came out in the 1884 paper.—Beatrice Ulithers, Box 793, Woodland Park, Colorado 80863

My Summer With a P&H Shovel

(Continued from page 32)

were ready. Trying to find out what all the fuss was about fueled their fire. We still didn't know what the ruckus was about, but I figured I'd take a hand at getting thrashed soundly about the nose and eyes by the helper while Al got beat to death by the miner.

"Hey," a quiet voice come from out of the rim of light, "someone want to fight with the guy that threw the firecracker?"

Well, it wasn't a very funny joke when you're working around caps and dynamite, but then again no one wanted to try to climb Jake's 6' 4", 225-pound frame, so a few apologies were made and Al and I sighed in relief.

ONE TIME we had a mysterious stranger wandering around the hills overlooking camp. What his mission was we could only guess. The crusher man reported seeing him just after sundown against the sky and thought he was packing a rifle. He was quite a conversation piece. This didn't really put me at ease when I was working night shift alone. A 300-watt light, a muckstick, a settling truck, and I were the only live things around. Due to the terrain you could hardly hear the diesel in the mill just a few hundred feet around the corner. My mind was mulling over the stranger, as it really didn't take much conscious effort to throw ore up into a truck.

An occasional pebble would break loose from the overburden above and come clattering down into the pit. I'd stop, shade my eyes from the electric light, trying to see if "he" had dislodged them. Was he up there with his rifle, ready to do away with at least one of us? He never was, I guess, but one night when I thought he might be, a mean ornery voice behind me said, "What are you doing?"

Instinctively I swung around with my shovel; luckily he was out of reach. It was Jake out prowling around because he couldn't sleep.

Jake almost got it later from one of the muckers in the drift. He found the mucker loading an ore car and had the temerity to kick him in the behind. Yep, Jake pretty near got a shovel alongside the head, but the confines of the tunnel fouled up the swing.

A few nights later I was cleaning up the face of the cut and suddenly the bank slid down just enough to allow the 300-watt light to tip over. The wires glowed a second after the bulb broke, then the pit blacked out. For several minutes I couldn't see well enough to even walk. Finally I fumbled my way up to the mine track and, by scuffing one foot against a rail, worked my way back in the drift where a miner was working the face. I got a carbide lamp, watered it up, and soon had a white flame to guide me over to the mill. The mill man was dashing around checking gauges, looking at the retort fire and in general was busier than a Monkey Ward catalogue during spring complaint.

"I don't know what happened," he said, "but the main panel blew and turned off the whole mill—lights, retort, pumps, the

whole kit and kaboodle—the only night I leave my flashlight in my bunk. I still don't know what did it." He was sweating and puffing.

I didn't know if he would kill me on the spot or tie me to a box of dynamite with a long fuse to make me suffer, but I needed a light or ten gallons of gasoline so I could get to town. Well, that's what keeps the blood circulating. Some yahoo "electrician" had wired that dinky 300-watt light right into the main panel, and when it went, it went with a vengeance, taking the whole mill with it.

Still working alone one night, cleaning off the lagging of the evening's last shot, I began to wonder if I was getting weak. The shovel got heavier and heavier. I finally lit a match in the shadowy depths of the pit and could see that I was shoveling almost pure cinnabar, nothing but pure crystalline cinnabar. That evening's shot had uncovered an inverted saucer thirty feet long and two feet deep at the center of the richest type we had been handling. It was hard to put a level shovelful into the truck.

We got a bonus that paid our room and board bill that month. Did you ever get a paycheck that was 100% whole with absolutely no deductions? Oh, what a wonderful feeling!

During one spell there were three of us young muckers working together and we found out we were cussing more than was really necessary. Say about every third word. We decided to penalize the person cussing by kicking him in the appropriate place. Things went along smooth for twenty minutes because no one had anything to say, then Bert made some remark that he was sweating a - - - lot. We immediately invited him to assume the position. He bent over apprehensively and we let him have it.

"You didn't have to kick me so - - - - hard!" he burst out.

Bert was momentarily startled when we asked him to bend over again; then it dawned on him—he just naturally cussed everytime he spoke.

Well, we cleaned up our speech considerably and used cuss words only when we needed an extra boost to help us over a hump. It was quite an experience.

I went on night shift in the drift, working with a miner whose helper had graduated to miner. This wiry little guy had been mining since King Solomon timbered his first gold discovery. Each night when I went on shift, I cleaned up the face from the former round then went outside in the pit and worked until midnight. I'd then go in and get the powder and fuse schedule and become powder monkey for a couple hours. I can't say that I enjoyed it. Each night I would tread up the gravelly path to the cap house, open the board and batt door, measure out fuse to certain lengths and crimp the caps on each one. Each time I crimped a cap, I'd think, "Maybe this is the one." None ever exploded and so, like most other problems in life, they aren't as bad as they may seem.

After getting the rounds all made up, it was over to the powder house (buried half-way in the bank) to slit and poke the caps into the dynamite to make the job complete. We weren't supposed to

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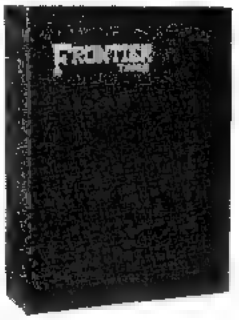

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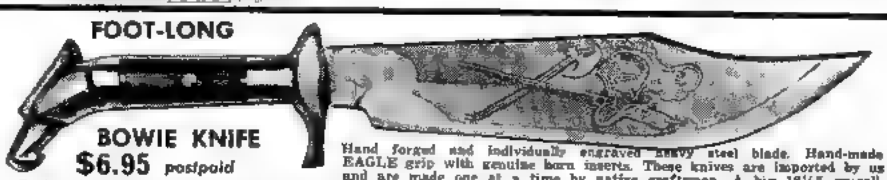

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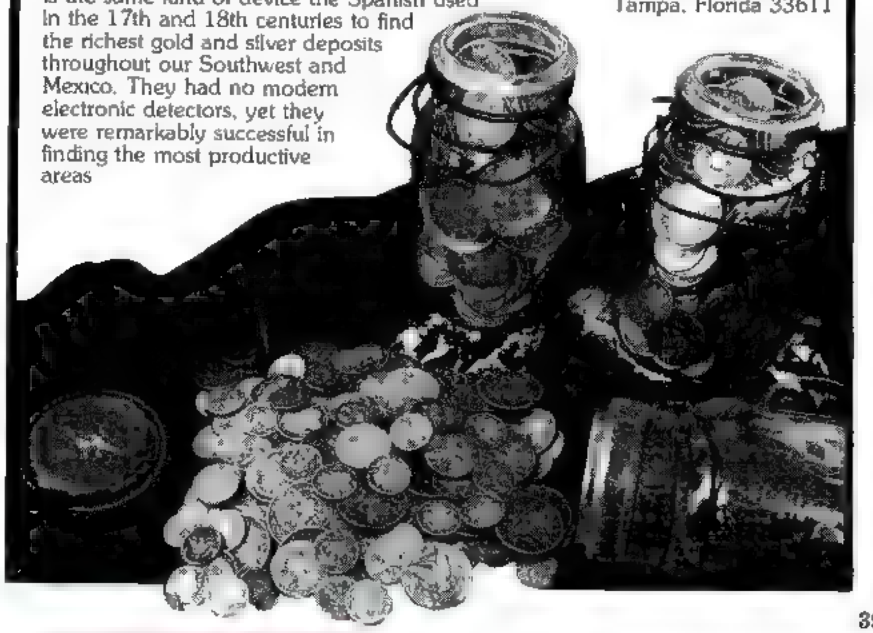

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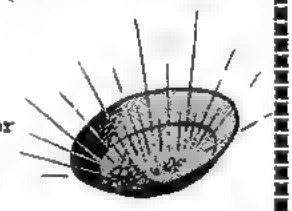

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set the caps in the dynamite in the powder house, but it was cold, windy, and lonesome outside. Besides, if anything blew up I figured they'd have a hard time finding enough of me to put the blame on.

One night, my arms loaded with dynamite, I was picking my way down the trail when I stepped on a loose stone and sat down hard with all that dynamite in my lap. Now I won't say that my life passed before my eyes, but my heart did. I didn't like dynamite, but not being enlightened about my rights I did my job. (I think my rights only consisted of quitting any time I felt like it.)

Another night I brought in the dynamite and stood by with an extra carbide light as the miner loaded the holes. He was touching off the center relievers when his cap light lit one of the roof fuses.

"Look out, you lit a fuse with your hat!" I hollered.

He grabbed his knife and quickly cut the lit fuse, then trimmed them all in sequence. "We're a little short, but still have forty seconds."

He stated this as if it were that much time to lunch. He started lighting up again and doggoned if he didn't do the same thing again.

"You did it again!"

He knew what I meant. He again cut the fuses and pondered the situation. "You leave your light here and be sure the tunnel is free of tools, rocks or any other stuff," he said, "then let me know."

I checked the tunnel, picked up my short-handled muckstick and reported everything was clear.

"Go outside and wait for me. I'll be coming out in a hurry."

"Well, be careful," was my dumb remark as I left.

The face of the drift was about 100 feet and around a slight bend. I crouched beside the adit, and in a minute out of the tunnel came the miner, scurrying and scuffling as fast as his carbide lamp would let him. He was followed immediately by the blasting sequence, and several pebbles came twanging out the entrance.

"Nine, ten," he counted. "What was your count?"

"Same as yours, no misfire." I replied. "Pretty close that time."

"Yep."

It may have been all in a day's work for him, but to me I can see it like it was last week.

OUTSIDE of cookhouse banter, our recreation consisted of playing horseshoes. When the shifts were on certain schedules there was time between supper and sundown to collect at the stakes and have a few games. One minute it would be warm and horseshoes would be flying hot and heavy. Next minute the sun would drop behind the horizon and immediately it was too chilly to enjoy the game. The rest of the evening, if free, meant checkers, Wild West stories or something similar. Our diesel generator was not built to run radios.

Another form of recreation was taking the pickup ten miles down a dusty road to get three 50-gallon drums full of water. It was our only source for drinking, washing, and mill needs. The "recreation" came when we got to the spring. A 2" pipe ran out of the most barren, sad looking hill you could imagine, and a full 2" of pure cold water fell continually from the overhead standpipe. It ran off into a small patch of grass and soon lost itself back to the desert.

We would first fill the barrels and then skinny dip under the icy stream in the hot sun until we were the color of faded Levi's. Clean and refreshed we would bounce back the ten miles to camp with a fresh layer of dust. Well, when you were only allowed two showers a week, clean dust was a welcome change. The wash basin beside the cook house had to suffice the rest of the time.

One fellow had a .45 pistol, but as bullets cost twelve cents apiece and the gun weighed at least sixty pounds, we didn't do any hunting with it. Another had a bow and arrow, but after watching him try to sink a few arrows into the rocks, we decided that might be an expensive pastime also. Actually there was nothing to hunt. Not even a jackrabbit lived in that territory. When we did go prowling around it was in hopes that we would find an outcropping or a closer supply of water. We did have a couple encounters with rattlesnakes, so there must have been kangaroo rats or mice running around after sundown, but we never saw them.

As the smoke from the retort blew up the canyon during the day and left the bunkhouse reeking of sulphur, I would grab a blanket and head down the canyon when I was trying to sleep during the day. There was a small cliff that offered some shade and that was my sleeping spot. I was just dozing off one day when I heard the unmistakable sound of a snake in the brush. It is a sound you must hear to appreciate. I opened up my eyes and about eight feet away a rattler was coming over to check me out—see my driver's license or something. I figured as that was his territory and I was the trespasser, I'd leave, which I did rather quietly. I never did go back to sleep under that cliff. The poor snake must have had a rough time making a living out there, but I let him continue.

Another day a couple of us were on a ridge, following the footprints of the mysterious stranger. We were walking around a small bush when a rattler buzzed us. I don't know what that little 15" desert rattler thought of us, but we both leaped ten feet in opposite directions and about laughed ourselves out, thinking how funny it must have looked to see us walking calmly along and suddenly—literally—move sideways at the exact same moment. A rattler can give you quite a start.

Jake always had a trick he liked to pull on a new man. My turn came. I was standing by the bunkhouse gabbing with another new guy and heard a rock hit the ground at my feet. I glanced around, wondering what it was and where it was coming from. There was no conveyor belt, cliffside, bunker, or any other place for a pebble to drop from. We both looked over at the mill and the few men who were standing near the door were

apparently engrossed in their own conversation.

We shrugged it off and began to talk again and another pebble skittered right next to our feet. The men at the mill were still chatting but we suspected trickery. We again began to jaw, but this time I stood so that by straining my eyes into the corner I could catch the bunch at the mill. Sure enough, good old Jake threw another rock and quickly returned to the innocent looking group. The main trick to this was that he was an excellent rock thrower—probably a lost art. He could drop a piece of gravel within three feet of us at a distance of 150 feet. He could also hit a can, post or any other target nine times out of ten. The boys at the mill were having a great time watching the fun, and Jake sure had us baffled for a little while.

The first evening I was mucking out the tunnel, I ran the ore car out on the trestle to dump a load of ore in the truck. Now all old-timers will know that this is a simple thing to do if you know how. I had been shown how, but seeing and doing were different. The idea is to stand on the back framework as the car drifts out of the tunnel, step off and hold back till the wheels almost hit the end bumper, pull the trip handle and momentum automatically flips up the car body. Presto, it's unloaded.

Well, I stepped off and held back, but before I could trip open the end gate, the car hit the bumper and somersaulted into the back of the truck. Being new on the job, it was another opportunity for them to play games.

"Boy, you put it in there, so you can take it out," I was told. "Get that buggy out of there before the old man comes around and writes up your time. We'd help you but it's against mine regulations."

With encouragement like this, I pondered the possibility of building a temporary railroad back up to the trestle, getting a block and tackle and spending a few hours in salvage operations before getting my final check. As the rest of the crew went back to work setting up and drilling, I began to drag lagging from the pit and preparing my railroad. When they saw what I was doing, they all came over, asked me what in the devil I was doing and casually climbed up in the truck bed and helped me turn the car back up the trestle. This operation took about three minutes. We didn't have any camp counselor to probe the inner mind to see if this display or rough humor would scar anyone's feelings. Yet it actually was great. Only a person who has worked in a really free camp can appreciate it.

"Hurry and rope this ole cow, she's runnin' her weight off!"

OUR OLD-TIME miner told us about the time he was young and green, working as a helper to a Cousin Jack in Colorado. He was setting lagging and timbering near the face of a tunnel, when the big burly miner slipped up behind him and grabbed him around the arms and waist.

"By God," he muttered, "we'll go together!"

The little helper twisted and strained and suddenly his eyes caught the face of the tunnel. Every fuse was lit and sputtering towards its respective hole. He kicked, swore and tried to bite. He had ended up with a madman and the fuses were burning shorter by the second. Watching in complete horror as the flames sputtered into the holes, he kept sweating and straining to no avail. Five seconds, three, one— nothing. The fuses had been jabbed into empty holes just to get a laugh.

He also told of another initiation of a greenhorn. They would take the instruction sheet from the bottom of a case of dynamite. These sheets would get saturated with nitroglycerin or other volatile oil. An old-timer would then attempt to read the sheet and having no luck would ask the young assistant to read it "as you got better eyes than mine." The helper would hold the sheet high enough so that the flame from his hat would light up the paper in the murky tunnel.

Light it up, it would, with an eyebrow-removing flash! If the helper didn't manage to light it himself by accident, the old-timer would lend him a helping hand by holding his light closer. I don't know if anyone got permanently scarred by this, but you can bet the old-timer had to watch it until the score was evened up.

We didn't wear hard hats in those days, just soft caps with the carbide lamp frame. A rock could be coaxed to drop on a miner's head if he got too smart. You could also get hold of his lamp when he wasn't around and use it for a urinal. Now to clean out a lamp that has been so treated is a real eye-watering experience.

All in all I was putting in a prosperous summer, saving money and wasn't concerned with the hard work and rough living conditions. Outside of the stone chip in my arm that no longer bothered me, my only other accident (if it can be called that), was a dynamite headache. All I can remember now is that at the time I was afraid maybe I wouldn't die. I was certainly too sick to live.

If you've never had a headache like that one, handle a case of dynamite, cut it, load it, and then rub the sweat off

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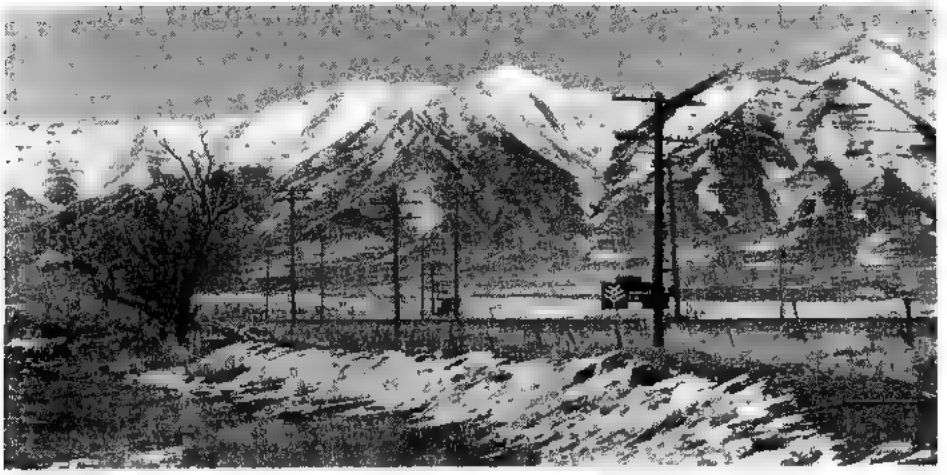

View of Oquirrh Range about 4 miles from the grist mill. In one of these canyons or ravines may be a gold ledge.

your forehead, or eat an apple. Don't wash your hands first though. Just let that nitro sink into your skull. Wow!

There was always a little excitement every day. A misfire or a miscount on the shots always made things interesting; digging out the rubble might show up a new pocket and we would speculate on the wealth of the mine; someone would pull a trick or a goof, it just wasn't dull. We worked seven days a week, used a staunch two-holer on the hillside, and slept when we had the chance. I wonder now that we laughed so much when we were stuck off so far from everything.

But as with all good things, there comes an end. A batch of mail brought in one week informed me that I had been accepted for employment by the U.S.F.S., which looked like a step in the right direction. It didn't take long for the boss to get a new replacement for me, so with a few hardy farewells I was on my way.

I tossed my bedroll into the old Chev, wired the doors closed again and headed for town. It had been three months and to say I wasn't a little excited about the prospects of returning to bright lights and old friends would be lying.

Getting back to town wasn't easy. After about forty miles of desert road, a tire went flat. After fixing it I managed to get to the highway and just far enough from East Gate to be in the middle of nowhere when another tire went flat. That was it; I had no kit and no more tires. A ten-mile walk brought me to a C.C.C. camp and a telephone. It was pretty weird. The men were all from New York and couldn't understand how I could have gotten there. I apparently was looked upon as a murderer, outlaw or escaped convict as I had to argue to get to use the phone, even after I primed the office man with a dollar.

I got rescued eventually and then managed to run out of gas, for the same reason as before, about two miles from town. I had left camp at 8:00 in the morning and arrived home just before 5:00—that isn't too good a record for 100 miles.

It was a summer to remember. It was great.

Cursed Gold

(Continued from page 17)

gold is, and I want you to let it alone and never think of going near it again. God designs to establish this people in these mountains and to go and dig for gold or silver would frustrate the designs of God, as the people would starve to death.

"We might dig and pile up gold until the streets were loaded with it, but gold would never feed one hungry Latter-day Saint. What we want to do, Brother Crosland, is to raise grain and stock to feed and sustain the people who may come here. The time may be in years to come when some of our boys may have the privilege to dig for gold—when that time comes, I will let you know."

Since Brigham Young had many other callers to see, he took Crosland by the hand and said, "God bless you, but remember a curse will follow every person who will try to find or work that gold, until the times I have stated have come."

CROSLAND returned home. His mind was fully made up that he would follow the instructions of his church leader and reveal to no one the location of the gold ledge. And he never did. Yet from time to time he would show specimens of the gold to some of his friends. It was very rich in color, "about two-thirds pure gold" according to the testimonies of some who saw it.

A few years later Crosland moved to Tooele and ran a mill in what is known as Settlement Canyon. One day he picked up a slab to remove it from the saw. The saw struck the slab and thrust it into Crosland's groin. From the effects of that, and an operation to correct the problem, he died in a few days.

A short while before Crosland died, S. F. Lee, a former mayor of Tooele, visited him. They were old acquaintances and were alone in the room. Crosland said to Lee, "Ah, Sammie, I know a secret that the world would give thousands of dollars to know." He had barely uttered these words when Mrs. Crosland entered and heard part of the conversation. She prevented her husband from talking further with Lee on that subject.

On June 15, 1860 Crosland died and the location of the gold mine died with him. From then until now people have spoken of his discovery as the "Lost Gold Mine."

Crosland's brother-in-law, armed with all the information the family could give him regarding its location, decided he would try to find it. For weeks and months he scoured every nook and cranny in the mountains where the ledge was supposed to be, but finally gave up in despair. A short time later he was killed by Indians in Idaho, still a young man.

Shortly after that, a mysterious stranger, hiding behind a large mustache and heavy beard, rode into Tooele. He was always cloaked in a long, blue army cape. He gave much attention to Crosland's widow, and the two of them formed an alliance to search for the gold. It was later determined that the stranger was none other than the notorious Bill Hickman. Hickman had been a bodyguard of early Mormon Church leaders in Missouri and Illinois, but he did not stay with the Church and became branded a gunfighter, an outlaw, and an outcast among his own people. His searching for the gold was cut short when he had to flee an indictment for murder. And what happened to Crosland's widow? She died under mysterious circumstances a short time later.

Another young man who was related to leaders of the Mormon Church defied Brigham Young's warning and for weeks hunted for Crosland's treasure. Though he admitted having found traces of gold, he pronounced the fabled mine as nothing but a "myth." A short time later he was implicated in a crime and sentenced to death.

An historian of Tooele County stated that "everyone who looked for the gold met with ill fortune, thus seeming to fulfill the prophetic words of Brigham Young that a curse would follow everyone who would try to work or find the gold."

Today, in 1974, as I stand at the old mill searching the canyons to the east with my binoculars, I wonder about two things. Is Crosland's story a hoax? And more importantly, is there such a thing as a curse? Who knows?

Goswick Camp Fades Away

(Continued from page 29)

took Route 87 right down old Main Street of Goswick Camp.

B. F. Baker was president of the Arizona Cinnabar Company which controlled the mercury mines of America during the boom for mercury. It had many claims in the area, three known as Red Wing #1, #2, and #3.

At present there are new mines operating in the Slate Creek district, struggling along processing ore for a few flasks of high-priced mercury. Slate Creek, on the east side of the Mazatal Mountain range, drains into Tonto Creek which feeds into Roosevelt Lake. It is so-called because of the beautiful slate formations found exposed on the hillsides and along the highway.

If you follow the highway from the Valley of the Sun to Sunflower, through Sycamore Canyon to, and down, Slate Creek Hill, around the last curve you will find what's left of Goswick Camp. A few fruit trees attempt to bear stunted fruit, but vandals strip the limbs as they have stripped the buildings. They rip off the lumber, steal the old fire bricks, and even collect rusty nails from the floorboards. Many abandoned mining camps in Arizona have suffered the same fate.

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Without the mortar of warfare to hold them together, most military outposts started crumbling into the earth as soon as the last volley was fired. Yet a few have been rescued and

FORT QUITMAN IS NOW "TOMMY'S TOWN"

BY JESSIE PETERSON

Photos Courtesy Author

FORT QUITMAN
TRAVEL HERE WAS MADE SO HAZARDOUS BY APACHE INDIANS AND MEXICAN BANDITS THAT FORT QUITMAN WAS FOUNDED TO PROTECT STAGES AND WAGON TRAINS.
THE FORT WAS GIVEN OVER TO CONFEDERATES DURING THE CIVIL WAR, BUT AFTERWARD BECAME THE CENTER OF EFFORTS AGAINST THE APACHE NAPOLEON VICTORIO.
IN 1877 DISPUTES OVER RIGHTS TO USE SALT DEPOSITS NORTH OF HERE LED TO THE BLOODY EL PASO SALT WAR. THIS CAUSED CAVALRY PATROLS TO BE CONTINUED IN THE AREA EVEN THOUGH THE INDIAN MENACE WAS OVER AND THE FORT WAS ABANDONED EARLIER THAT YEAR.

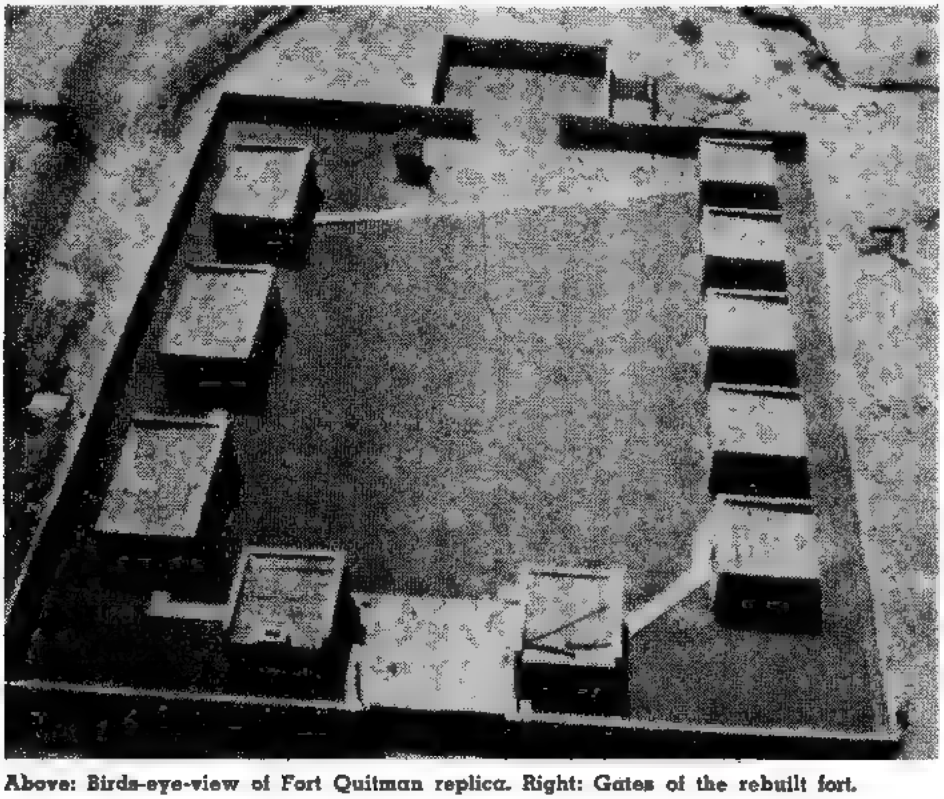
Fort Quitman replica marker.

OF ALL the officers who were stationed at Fort Quitman during its short but colorful life, Colonel (later General) Benjamin H. Grierson was probably the most popular. He served there longer than any other officer. There is no record of his wife ever living at the post, but all three of his sons visited him there from time to time. One son, Robert, visited him at every opportunity.

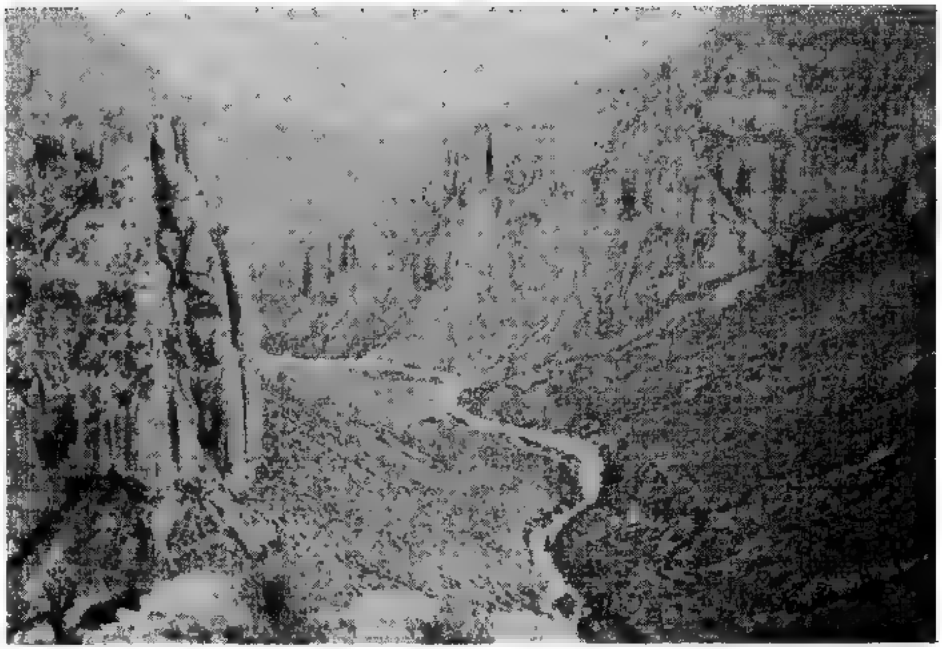
Robert was a favorite with his father's "Brunets" (Negro troopers). He went on scouts with them, on hunting trips, visited other forts, and was taught how to set trotlines to catch fish and make traps to get birds for the dinner table. That Robert loved this life is proven by the fact that he kept a diary of the time he spent at Quitman. This diary is in the files of old Fort Davis and available to anyone who wishes to read it. It is a delightful story of a young boy's happy holidays. His descriptions of some of the trips he made with the Brunets are very funny.

Fort Quitman was established in Texas on September 28, 1858 to protect scattered ranchers and traffic on the San Antonio-El Paso road. Wagontrains and stages were often attacked by bandits

Courtesy Tommy Powell



Above: Birds-eye-view of Fort Quitman replica. Right: Gates of the rebuilt fort.



Above: Looking east from the grounds of old Fort Quitman. Right: Victoria Canyon from the brink toward the east. This canyon is as wild and rugged as its old Apache namesake.

or Indians roving the lonely miles of west Texas.

Beautiful Victorio Canyon (it was given this name years after the Indian Chieftain Victorio was dead) lies only a few miles to the east of the ruins of the old fort. Victorio ambushed stagecoaches carrying passengers and the U. S. mail, or any other traveler he discovered in this narrow, deep and rocky canyon. The toll of life and property from these attacks was great.

Fort Davis, a pretty fort set in a rocky mountain country, was about 120 miles east of Quitman while El Paso's Fort Bliss was 85 miles west on the Rio Grande. Juarez, Mexico was a small adobe village across the river from El Paso. Both Fort Davis and Fort Bliss had good garrisons, and soldiers from these posts had been constantly on patrol, protecting travelers or guarding the mail. However, they were so widely separated, with miles of lonely territory in between, that it had been impossible for them to have much success in their assignment.

General David Twiggs, commanding the Department of Texas, was often reminded by people who had ranches in this area of the need for better protection from Indians. He realized, too, that the El Paso-San Antonio road was the most traveled one in the Southwest, and perhaps the most vulnerable. Twiggs appointed Captain A. T. Lee to take a company of soldiers and find a location for an additional fort.

Young Lee set out with enthusiasm. He felt honored that he was chosen to perform this important mission. With a company of soldiers he rode up and down the El Paso-San Antonio road, and finally selected a site on the Rio Grande where the river made a bend. Here was plenty of water, and soil that Lee was told would make good adobe brick for building houses and fences. No lumber was available closer than Tularosa, New Mexico, so wagons, well guarded by troops, brought what little was needed to the fort site and then a dozen Mexicans were hired to make the adobe brick, with soldiers helping with the task.

When the work was completed Captain Lee was very pleased. There were four quarters for officers, two large barracks for enlisted men, six modest quarters for the enlisted men and their families, a 26′ by 72′ hospital, a bakery, mess hall, storerooms, blacksmith shop, a guard house, and a large horse and mule corral enclosed by a high adobe wall. The name Quitman was given the new post to honor Major General Anthony Quitman for his gallantry in the Mexican War.

MANY writers have praised the work of the soldiers stationed in this outpost on the Rio Grande. Carrying the mail was one of the most important contracts of the Butterfield Overland coaches. It was vital that there be no break in the mail service from east to west. One of the harassments endured by the new fort was the constant danger of Indians stealing the horses or mules from the corral. Guards were on duty at all times.

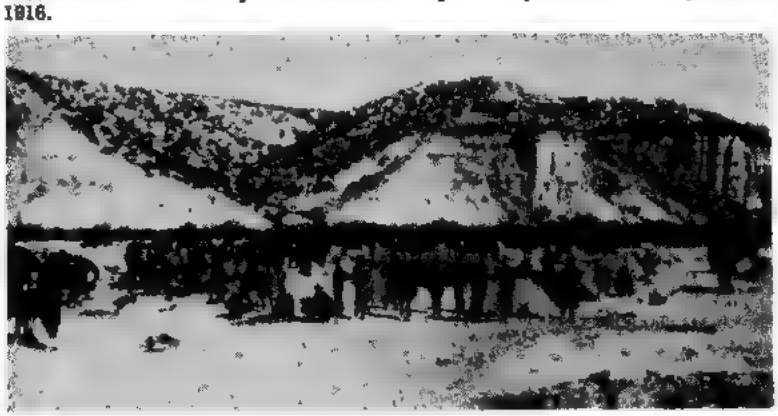
Butterfield coaches were often referred to as "Old Reliable" and the men who drove them tried to uphold this reputation. They were a daring group of men and the Indians respected their marksmanship.

When the Civil War began, Major Kirby Smith saw the importance of the Confederates occupying Fort Bliss, Fort Quitman, Fort Davis, Fort Stockton and other military posts along the Rio Grande. Many of the officers commanding these forts were in sympathy with the South.

General Twiggs made an agreement with the state of Texas in 1861 for the evacuation of all Federal troops from posts as far south as the Gulf Coast. First Lieutenant Zenas H. Bliss was in command at Fort Quitman when he received orders to evacuate Quitman and

Photos below Courtesy Fort Davis National Historic Site

Left and below: A troop of the 8th Cavalry encamped near Fort Quitman, 1916.



proceed to San Antonio. This the Lieutenant was quick to do.

Locking all government supplies and other property securely, he and his soldiers hastened to Eagle Springs which would be an overnight stop. However on their arrival at Eagle Springs they met the Butterfield stage carrying a letter which countermanded the orders he had just acted upon; this second directive was for him to wait at Quitman until the arrival of Lieutenant Colonel Reeves, commander from Fort Bliss, and to turn over to him all Federal property at Quitman. James Magoffin of El Paso was to receive the property from Reeves. After this transaction was completed Lieutenant Bliss was to proceed to San Antonio via Fort Davis.

Bliss hastened to return to Quitman and was very relieved to find the fort just as he had left it. No vandals had been around. He was thankful indeed for this because he would have been held responsible for any army supplies not turned over to Magoffin.

A break in the monotony came when a group of men rode in one day, and as it was late they spent the night in Fort Quitman. They were on their way to San Antonio to accept commissions in the Confederate Army.

Over the brief years of its existence, many famous men accepted the hospitality of the fort. One was the famous Kit Carson. It was a red-letter day when he stopped for a short period of rest. He had taken the fight to the Indians who had in the previous few years stolen 30,000 cattle and horses from ranches in New Mexico and northern Texas. Carson was as ruthless in his dealings with the Indians as the Indians were in their dealings with ranchers and other travelers across the lonely prairies. It is claimed that Carson destroyed many sheep and cattle belonging to the Mescalero Apaches. Some people were of the opinion that this coldblooded attitude toward the Indians only brought on more killings of ranchers; and certainly Army supply trains, wagontrains, and their escorts seemed to be harder hit during this period than ever before. But Carson did help get many Indians on U. S. Reservations, and eventually peace came to the West.

IN March 1861 stages ceased running on the San Antonio-El Paso road for several weeks. The scattered ranchers got little news of the war. It was a welcome day when once again the stages stirred up the dust as they whirled across the prairies and over the rocky roads through the mountains of Texas.

On April 4, 1861 Colonel Reeves arrived at Fort Quitman. He was as ignorant of national affairs as Lieutenant Bliss was, but following orders the government stores and property at Fort Quitman were turned over to James Magoffin. Reeves left the fort accompanied by Lieutenant Bliss (Bliss was to return to Fort Quitman fifteen years later).

During the war years Quitman was not entirely forsaken, for the Confederates included it in their plans. All of the forts must be manned by Confederate troops if the South was to hold on to this wide country of Texas.

There is no record of how many times Quitman was garrisoned, and then for a time abandoned because its soldiers were needed in other places. Many historians believe that Colonel John R. Baylor had plans to permanently garrison Quitman with several companies of troops and was on the point of doing so when he received word that Federal troops, some 2,500 of them, were on their way down the Rio Grande from Fort Craig in New Mexico. Federal troops 2,000 strong, were also marching toward Fort Bliss. These were troops from California. So Baylor had to turn his attention to preparing for this unexpected turn of events.

Baylor urged that his command be reinforced by General H. H. Sibley's brigade, then being organized at San Antonio. He also made arrangements with Simeon Hart of El Paso to move Fort Bliss' stores and forage to Quitman and Fort Davis. During the months ahead, this entire area would be a confused scene of deploy, advance, retreat. Quitman, like its sister posts, became a pawn of war.

THE absence of adequate troops on the Texas frontier during and immediately following the war years emboldened the Indians to such an extent that travel on the San Antonio-El Paso road was almost foolhardy. Early in December 1867 the mail escort was attacked near Eagle Springs, and later in the month 900 Indians attacked Co. K 9th Cavalry near Fort Lancaster. Orders were immediately given that men were to be sent from Fort Davis to Fort Quitman. They arrived on January 1, 1868. There were twelve Apache attacks on Quitman, beginning shortly after these additional troops arrived. Each onslaught was successfully repulsed with no loss of life, but it proved without doubt that the Indians were trying to wear down the soldiers stationed at this small outpost.

But instead of abandoning the fort, the military sent reinforcements—Company H 41st Infantry and Companies H and I of the 9th Cavalry. Company H 41st Infantry repaired buildings at Eagle Springs and acted as regular escorts for the mail. These were the Negro troops.

But even the increased number of soldiers did not quell the raids on ranchers, wagontrains and stagecoaches. A prominent citizen of El Paso, Judge Hubbell, and the driver of the stage in which the Judge rode, were ambushed and murdered near Fort Quitman. Troopers went on the trail of the murderers as soon as they learned of the attack, but the Indians were never overtaken. This was early in 1869, the year Fort Quitman reached its all-time high military complement. Many scouting parties from the fort rode the plains and mountains, searching for Indian camps. However, it was difficult to apprehend a raiding party for these mountains had been the home of these Indians all of their lives.

It was in the late '70s that Victorio, chief of the Warm Spring Apaches, persuaded many of the Mescaleros to jump the reservation and join him in his forays along the southern border of New Mexico and west Texas. The beautiful, craggy mountains near Fort Quitman became the target of many Apache raids. Quitman Canyon was an especially favored spot.

Shotgun guards were on all the stages, and Army wagontrains bringing supplies and ammunition were well guarded. Guards were on the alert every minute they traveled the Quitman Canyon road, their hands ready to pull the trigger as they neared "Apache Post Office." This portion of the canyon got its name from the hieroglyphics cut into the smooth walls on both sides of the canyon. Mescalero Indians were responsible for these carvings.

A man named Morgan, an old-time stage-driver, was always wary of this portion of the canyon. One morning, as he shoved his team along with colorful language, his only passenger was from San Antonio, a gambler named Crenshaw. As they rounded a bend in the road a volley of shots from behind some of the great boulders dropped one of the mules and the other three halted. Both Morgan and Crenshaw jumped from the stage and sought safety behind a boulder, but bullets fired from behind their hiding place got them in a cross-fire and they had to surrender.

When the stage failed to arrive on time at Fort Quitman a party of Texas Rangers, who happened to be at the fort, set out to see what had happened. They found the stage with its canvas curtains ripped off, the leather boot sliced open, and the mail scattered along the trail. Three of the mules and whatever else was valuable had been taken along by the Indians, but the Rangers were happy that the people who rode the stage were not lying scalped on the spot. There was a possibility that the prisoners could be found and set free.

The Rangers had no trouble following the war party's trail for a while; then it was lost when the terrain became too rocky to hold footprints. The Rangers returned to Fort Quitman and reported to the officers in charge.

IT WAS months later that the bodies of Morgan and Crenshaw were found. Captain Baylor of the Rangers, with headquarters at Ysleta, had offered his services to track down the Indians. This was the kind of trouble he knew how to handle. Baylor was still angry over being forced out of Mexico a few weeks prior to the stage attack; he was eager now for revenge. Baylor, along with soldiers from Fort Quitman had been called in to aid some Mexican troops led by General Joaquin Terrazas in their search for Apache Chief Victorio. When Victorio was trapped in the rugged Tres Castillos Mountains in Mexico, Colonel Grierson and his Brunets and Captain Baylor had been told to leave Mexico. General Terrazas would take care of

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Victorio—the Apache *was* on Mexican soil! Grierson and Baylor had no choice. They had to withdraw their men.

Before Baylor began his hunt for the Indians responsible for this last tragedy, he wired his superiors in Austin for instructions should he have to follow the trail into Mexico. He did not care to relinquish another victory to Mexican soldiers.

Baylor received his orders from the Adjutant General's office, then headed his men south. The days were warm and sunny but the nights were bitterly cold in the high mountains where he found the tracks of fourteen unshod ponies. He felt that these were the Indians he was after. Cautiously Baylor sought high spots in the trail and used his powerful field-glasses to scan the surrounding country.

It was several days later that the determined trackers, getting little sleep and existing on scant rations because they feared making campfires would betray their presence, had their caution pay off. One afternoon Baylor knew they were very near the Indians. Droppings from horses were fresh. He called a halt while he and one of his men made their way over a wooded rise in the trail and found themselves looking down into a camp. The Indians were not aware of any danger; their campfires burned brightly.

The aroma of roasting meat made the Ranger captain and his companion realize their own hunger. They returned to camp and, together with the others, had a meager "dinner" of dry bread washed down with water from their canteens. Quietly Baylor gave his men instructions for their attack the next morning.

The Rangers caught the Indians by surprise at daybreak. Many of them still lay sprawled on the ground fast asleep. It was a quick and relentless fire that shattered the early dawn that cold morning. Only one Indian was able to get to his horse, but as he sprang on the horse's back, a shot brought him down. The fight was over quickly.

On examining articles piled around the Indians' camp, they found women's and children's clothing, five United States Cavalry saddles, the tops of Morgan's boots, a double action .41 Colt revolver, and a Remington and two Winchester carbines. They also retrieved thirteen Indian ponies, three mules, saddles, ropes made of buckskin, and several bolts of calico. Hiding in the bushes near the camp the Rangers discovered a squaw and two small children.

THE San Antonio-El Paso road that passed through Quitman Canyon still can be traced. Hoofs of literally thousands of horses and mules pounded this road where the earth has enough adobe to harden into a cement-like surface. The ironbound wheels of the stages, coaches, and wagons left deep ruts in which no grass, weed or bush has had the strength to grow.

Mountains still circle the wide country around the ruins of the old fort; the Rio Grande still flows around the same bend where young Robert Grierson set his trotline; the outlines of the houses and corral can still be seen, although the adobe bricks have melted back into the earth.

Then the day came when an enterprising young man, reading the colorful history of Fort Quitman and realizing its importance during the early days of Texas, asked and received permission to build a replica of the outpost. The government sent him the plans. He had adobes made and hired men to reproduce the fort, which is now a very interesting museum.

Tommy Powell's museum has become a popular place for tourists on Highway 80, a coast to coast road. For people who like to prowl old, old cemeteries there is one just over the hill from "Tommy's Town" that goes back to the beginning of Fort Quitman. It was used in the early days just for soldiers, but as the years rolled by, farmers and ranchers buried their loved ones on this height overlooking the Rio Grande. The dates on many of the headstones are in the 1880s. Windstorms blasting them with sand, and the rains of many years have taken their toll, of course.

The old fort site is still there, rimmed in by those rugged mountains where the Indians lurked, and the sun still shines warm on the miles and miles of desert country. The river where young Robert Grierson had so many adventures still winds between sandy banks to the Gulf of Mexico. Lazy white clouds drift slowly across the wide blue sky. It is peaceful country now. A visit to the Quitman replica will give the visitor a fascinating glimpse into the romantic past of the West.

The Gamblers' Vendetta

(Continued from page 21)

Although Sliter despised Weber and was fond of Olds, he didn't care to get in the middle of their feud nor did he want his place raided, so when his employe arrived for work that noon, Sliter told him that Weber threatened to cause trouble and that "it would be best if you left town until the affair blows over."

An hour later, Weber and one of his employes, John Boes, left their place of business and walked up Alder Street toward the Magnolia Restaurant on Fourth. As they reached Third, they saw Sandy Olds standing on the corner. He approached them and a moment later the noontime passersby were startled by gunfire. They saw Weber crumple to the sidewalk, whereupon Olds fired three shots into his body.

IT WAS one of those unlikely things that catch people completely by surprise, and for a tense moment the onlookers stood still. When they finally regained some composure they literally knocked each other over trying to do something. Most of them fled, fearing that the gun-wielder had gone crazy, but others took more positive action.

One of them, Edward N. Deady, a prominent attorney, dashed into a nearby shoe store and telephoned police headquarters. Another, County Treasurer Frank Hacheney, returning to the courthouse after lunch, had the presence of

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mind to keep the spectators away from the victim. Soon the patrol wagon clanged up and discharged Captain Charles Gritzmacher, Detectives Joseph Day, Abe Tichenor and James Watson, and City Physician W. H. Saylor.

Olds approached Detective Day, whom he knew casually, and calmly handed over his .32-caliber American double action revolver. While Captain Gritzmacher and the other detectives interviewed witnesses, Day took Olds to the nearby stationhouse.

Olds simply said he had shot Weber in self-defense when Weber pulled a gun from his hip pocket. It turned out, however, that although Weber had indeed been carrying a Colt's Navy .44 revolver in his coat pocket, what he actually had taken out of his hip pocket was a heavy metal paper weight. The only purpose of such a weapon, it would seem, was to use on Olds to make up for the beatings Olds had given him.

City Physician Saylor later reported that Weber had been shot in the head before Olds put three bullets into his prostrate body.

The killing of Portland's gambling king was regarded as a blessing among most of the sporting fraternity, but to District Attorney McGinn it was just another homicide and he quickly charged Olds with first-degree murder.

On Sunday, two days after the shooting, Weber's funeral was held at the Delin Funeral Parlors, with the Reverend T. L. Eliot of the Unitarian Church giving the sermon. He quoted from the Bible: "As thou sowest, so also shalt thou reap," and finished with, "To be carnally-minded is death."

According to a newspaper account of the service: "Mrs. Weber (the former chorus girl) and her intimate friends were the last to look upon the remains of the dead man. The scene was very affecting. The widow sobbed as if her heart would break, and it was with great difficulty that the coffin was removed and placed in the hearse. Just before entering the hack, Mrs. Weber fainted away, causing a brief delay in starting the funeral procession."

Olds was indicted for first-degree murder and pleaded not guilty when arraigned on May 21. The trial began June 20 before Circuit Judge L. B. Stearns and a packed courtroom. One of the many reporters covering the affair wrote: "Olds was stolid and indifferent during the day and was possessed of that coolness and assurance and seeming disregard of consequences that have characterized his conduct at all times since his arrest. He was dressed in a neat suit and looked well, but a little thinner, on account of the six weeks he has spent behind the bars in the county jail.

"Of course he took an active interest in all the proceedings, and shifted his position in his chair to suit his convenience. In short, he took matters as they came, and impressed one as if he trusted implicitly in his attorney to clear him of the crime with which he is charged.

"Within a dozen feet of him sat three persons who took as active an interest. They were Weber's young wife, Fanny; his sister, Mrs. Barbara Braley of Ohio; and his brother, P. J. Weber. Mrs. Braley and Mrs. Weber were attired in deep mourning. The latter sobbed violently at times, particularly when the attorneys were making their opening addresses. Olds heard all they said for and against him without a flinch."

District Attorney McGinn asserted that the "brutal and cold-blooded murder" was a conspiracy on the part of a group of gamblers to get rid of Weber, and that Olds was their tool. "Olds waited for Weber on the corner and, when Weber came along, accosted him. Weber, after answering Olds, turned to go, whereupon Olds whipped out his revolver and shot him dead. Then, not satisfied with what he had done, he deliberately stooped over the body and fired three shots into Weber's back. It was cowardly and malicious murder."

Defense Attorney H. Y. Thompson told the jury: "The theory of the defense is that Olds is not guilty and that in killing Emil Weber he committed no crime whatever. There is no question that Olds killed Weber. We admit that. But we will satisfy you that the death of Weber was a natural and fitting end of a life of crime; that he was a vindictive, dangerous and bad man in the community; that his life was spent in violation of the law, in outrage of public decency and contrary to all the laws of morality in this community."

Thompson devoted the rest of his

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speech emphasizing that Olds was a peaceable man; that Weber hounded, hunted, assaulted, and insulted him and even threatened to kill him, and that the slaying was an act of self-defense.

A DOZEN witnesses testified that Weber had a bad reputation while Olds was a peaceful citizen. By far the most effective of these was Detective Joseph Day, who said: "The day before the shooting I met Weber on Third Street near Washington. I said to him, 'You've been having a little scrap?' He responded, 'Yes, and I'll make that - - - - jump into the river. I'll kill him on sight'."

Day said he had told Weber, "I wouldn't talk so if I were you. You might get into serious trouble if Olds hears of your threats. Remember, I'm an officer, and Olds would give you no chance."

The climax of the defense was Sandy Olds' own testimony. In a calm manner he told about the trouble he had with his one-time friend over the past several years. He said that on the night before the shooting, several persons at the Crystal Palace Saloon, where he worked, told him Weber had been there, not to buy drinks but hunting for him with a gun.

"Friends advised me to go home and I decided to do so," Olds related. "I waited for Frank Lynch, the bartender, and walked up to Seventh and Washington Streets with him. On the day of the shooting I got up at 11:30 in the morning and had breakfast at 12 and then went to the Crystal Palace. Lynch told me that Weber had been looking for me again and had been talking to Mr. Sliter.

"I followed Sliter out of the saloon and asked him what Weber wanted. He said Weber was going to have the police shut down his place unless he fired me. Sliter advised me to leave town until the affair blew over.

"I went back into the saloon and met a stranger who refused to give me his name. He told me to be on my guard. He said Weber had shown him his gun and had threatened to kill me on sight. The clock struck one as I was standing on the platform and I started up the street determined to go home and think over the matter of leaving town. I walked up First to Washington, out to Third, and up Third to Alder. I walked slowly with my right hand in my front pocket, my head bowed down and my hat pulled over my eyes."

Olds left the stand for a moment and paced the floor, to show the jury how he had walked along the street.

"As I reached the fire plug," he resumed, "I cast my eyes up and saw Weber coming up the street. When I saw him he was reaching toward his hip pocket. As he came on the sidewalk I stepped up toward him. Whether I spoke to him or not I do not recollect, but the evidence shows that I did. I remember him saying: 'You damned s-o-b, I'll fix you now!' He had his hand in his pocket and pulled out something and raised his hand. I then drew my pistol and fired."

Olds was shown the heavy metal paperweight and asked whether he could identify it as the object Weber drew from his pocket. He examined it and said he couldn't recognize it, the time being so short.

"Did you know where Weber usually had lunch?" asked H. Y. Thompson, Olds' lawyer.

"No."

"Did you know that he ate at the Magnolia Restaurant?"

"I recollect seeing him coming out of there one day."

"Did you have any expectation of meeting Weber?"

"No."

"What was your feeling towards Weber with reference to being afraid of him?"

Thompson had no sooner asked the question than the second Mrs. Weber dropped her parasol and fainted. She was quickly revived and advised to leave the courtroom, but she refused to go and the trial was then resumed.

"Well," said Olds, answering the question, "I was afraid he might do me an injury if he got a chance. At that time I was very much afraid of him."

"What was your condition as to being excited?"

"I was very much excited, and for half a minute I did not know what I was doing."

Cross-examination by District Attorney McGinn was unexpectedly brief and insignificant. After the defense and prosecution had made their summations, the case went to the jury at 4:20 that afternoon. At 11:10, after waiting over six hours for a verdict, the court adjourned for the night and the jurors were locked up. Next day, after a total of thirty hours' deliberation, they reported being unable to reach a verdict— eight were for conviction and four for acquittal.

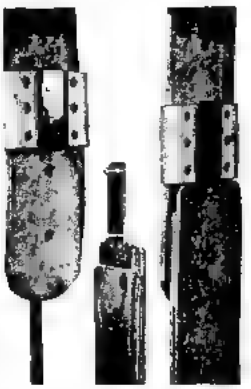
Olds went on trial again on July 16 and the jury, on the fifth ballot, found him guilty of first-degree murder as charged. He was sentenced to be hanged; but when his counsel appealed to the State Supreme Court, the execution was stayed.

After a long delay, the high court, citing errors in trial procedure, set aside the verdict and ordered a new trial. Olds' attorney, realizing his client had little chance in Portland where everyone was familiar with the case, petitioned for a change of venue, which was granted.

The third trial was held early in 1891 before Circuit Judge Frank J. Taylor at Hillsboro, seat of neighboring Washington County. By this time, most of the witnesses who had given testimony damaging to the defense had either died or moved away, consequently the State's case was decidedly weak. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter and Olds was sentenced to one year in the State Penitentiary in Salem.

Following his release in 1892, he drifted up and down the West Coast, frequently visiting Portland. In 1897 he opened a card game there, but the police broke it up and he left again.

Late in 1900 he suffered a stroke in San Francisco. Sensing he wouldn't recover, he returned to Portland, where old-time friends cared for him until he died February 12, 1901 at the age of fifty-one.



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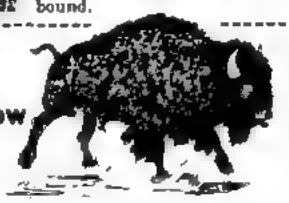

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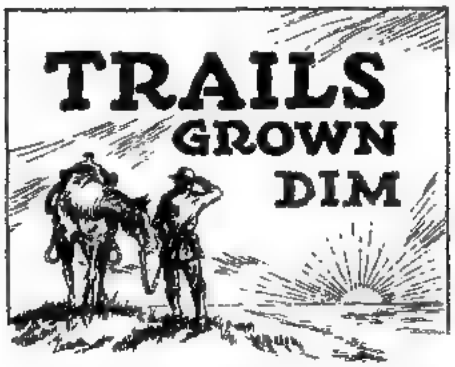

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Ryan-Buchanan-Fahey

I would like to learn something about the Buchanan estate or people connected with it. Evidently President Buchanan had a brother, or possibly uncle, who left a will to be opened in 100 years. (My Great-great-grandmother Buchanan often talked about her children being rich someday.) The will was opened in the late 1920s or early 1930s, and it stipulated all living relatives would be heirs. My grandmother, whose maiden name was Agnes Fahey, was contacted by her uncle Bill (or Will) Ryan to get her birth certificate ready as the lawyers would need it to settle the estate. Nothing more was ever heard about the estate. My grandmother and her uncle and everyone who seemed to know anything about the will are now dead. My mother gave me what scanty information I have. Does anyone with the name Ryan, Fahey or Buchanan have any information regarding the estate, or is it still pending? After forty years I imagine the money has long been used up in lawyers' fees, but it would be interesting family history.—Joan Deffé, 4017 6th Avenue, Great Falls, Montana 59405

Tipton

I am seeking information concerning relatives of Terrell Tipton (coal miner), born in Virginia, 1826 and married Elinor Jane Stewart, born 1830 in Kentucky. He was living in Bath County, Kentucky in 1850. He had a son, John Will, born 1848; daughter, Sarah Emmaline, born in Montgomery County, 1852; son, James Haywood, born 1855, in Laurel Springs (evidently, Laurel Springs no longer exists, but where was it?); and son, Bunyon Spratt, born in Kentucky. The family later moved to Clay County, Indiana.

Terrell's father is said to have been a horse trader and one day left with horses and never returned. His family never knew whether he chose not to return, or met with foul play. It is thought that around 1900, relatives of Terrell or Elinor (or both) lived around Ruth, Nancy, or Russell Springs, Kentucky.—Mrs. Earl Tipton, Route 4, Box 118, Brazil, Indiana

Zook

I am inquiring concerning the scouts of General Custer throughout his military career. The story goes that my great-grandfather, Ike Zook, was a scout for Custer, but supposedly not at Custer's Last Stand. Could someone tell me if this is true or not? Also would this man have been an Indian or a half-breed, and if so, what tribe? Could he have been married to an Indian woman and if so, from what tribe was she?

This man had a son named Frank Zook and my father's name was William Marion Zook. He was born in Council Bluffs, Iowa in 1897 or 1898. Any information would be greatly appreciated.—Rev. Marion C. Zook, People's City Mission, 124 South 9th Street, Lincoln, Nebraska 68505

Auvenshines

I would like information on Auvenshines (Auvenshein). I know the American branch started with the arrival of two brothers, Richard and John, who came to the United States alone in the early 1800s. They settled in the north-central part of Texas.—L. A. Davidson, Box 305, Comanche, Texas 76442

Hull

Cautious Covey Hull was in the Black Hills when gold was discovered and when Sitting Bull made his last foray. He also drove ox teams with settlers and freight outfits. Cautious and his partner ran a flatboat on the Missouri River.

Cautious had seven sisters and no brothers. One of his sisters married a Caldwell; one married a Dotson; and one a Yerrian. They lived all around Spearfish and Belle Fourche. Sure would like to hear from some of their people.

Cautious Covey Hull had two boys, Jim and Clifford, and two daughters, Mary and Elenore. I am Elenore's oldest son.—Arthur Covey Sallaz, Box 1222, Glendive, Montana 59330

Sweatman

Sometime in the last century, my mother's half-brother went to Denver, Colorado from Missouri. I don't know why, or even his given name.

Eli Sweatman and his first wife had two boys. He and his second wife had three girls, Cora, Ola and Ceda. His second wife was Lucy Knight.

The son in Denver passed away—likely before 1900. None of the family knows what happened to him. His father gave orders that none of the family should go when they received word to come to Denver to settle his estate. I would like to know what happened to him and also would appreciate any information on any of the family.—Florence (Nee) Belt Mann, Box 151, Ashford, Washington 98304

Jarrett-Lewis (Louis)

I am trying to locate any descendants of my great-grandmother and great-grandfather. My grandfather, who raised me, was William Lewis (Louis) Jarrett, born August 13, 1874 at Liberty or St. Joseph, Missouri. He had two brothers, Charlie and Clyde, and one sister, Maggie. Charlie's last known address was Mesa, Arizona. Clyde's last known address was Hot Springs, Arkansas. Maggie lived with her daughter, Mary Brock, in San Bernardino, California.

Their parents were Joseph or William Jarrett and Margaret Lewis (Louis). My great-grandmother was left a widow to raise her children alone. In the early 1900s, we believe, she died and was buried in St. Louis, Missouri.

Uncle Charlie had two boys, Cordell and Clyde; and two daughters, Renee and Myrtlebell.

We know nothing of Uncle Clyde's family. Maggie had one child, Mary.

My grandfather married my grandmother, Mary Jane Kemp, in or near Birmingham, Alabama about 1891. They had three sons, William Clyde (my father), Charles Cordell, and Joseph Har-

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ry; and one daughter, Gladys Ora (named after Uncle Charlie's first wife, Ora).

If anyone knows of my great-grandparents, I'd love to hear from you.—Mrs. Mary Jane (Jarrett) Perry, 215 North 5th Street, Belleville, Illinois 62221

Doddridge-Webb

I am seeking information on Enoch Doddridge (1786-1849.) Enoch was the son of John Doddridge and was born at Fort Doddridge in Washington County, Pennsylvania, and resided later in Lawrence County, Ohio. He apparently moved westward in the 1830s and was believed killed in a battle with Indians in the Kansas or Nebraska Territory in 1849. Descendants, if any, are unknown. I believe that he was with an army unit probably operating from Fort Crook, Nebraska. Descendants of Doddridge family members are invited to write.

Further—I am seeking information from descendants of Mitchell Webb, who was living in North Zulch, Texas in the early 1900s. He was believed to be editor of a paper called *The Christian Commonwealth*. Mitchell was the son of William Webb of Georgia, a Confederate soldier killed in 1862.—Dykes C. Doddridge, 2701 Don Juan Drive, Rancho Cordova, California 95670

Hare-Bowden

I am looking for information on Walter Hare. He married Eveline Bowden, January 29, 1882 at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska. They had two boys, Clifford and William Elvin (my grandfather). Shortly after William was born, Walter disappeared and wasn't heard of again—until I found out that he was supposed to be buried in the Valentine, Nebraska Cemetery.

I hope one of your readers can help me find some information on Walter's parents and on his birth and death dates. —Mrs. Judy Hathaway, 70 Atherton Way, Layton, Utah 84041

Robbins

I am searching for information on James Thomas Robbins, who was born in Vinton County, Ohio (?) in 1847. He married Louisa J. (?). She died in 1892, and James moved to Antlers, Oklahoma. Any information on this family will be appreciated.—Zadie Farmer, 1909 Williston, Pampa, Texas 79065

Harman-Harmon

Jacob Harman (1785-1824) married Mary Shelly (1787-1852). They lived in Whitley County, Kentucky and raised the following nine children:

Jeremiah, born in 1808, married Elizabeth Hughes, moved to Daviess County, Missouri about 1836, raised a large family and died there;

Nathan married Sarah Koger in Missouri and they had five children including James and John, who may have moved to Montana, William who lived in Jackson County, Missouri, Jacob, who may have moved to Illinois, and Jeremiah, who lived in Indiana;

Jane married William Criscillas and lived in Kentucky;

Sarah married Gilbert Jones and lived in Kentucky;

John married Martha Ross and lived in Whitley County, Kentucky;

Elizabeth married Daniel Taylor and lived in Kentucky;

Valentine married Barsheba Creekmore and had these four children, Adolphus married Harriet Ryan, Horatio, probably called Raish, Jacob who may have died young, and Millard. They lived in Daviess County, Missouri in 1880. (Did they move to Montana?);

Mary married Josiah Smith and some of their children moved to Arkansas and Oklahoma;

Peter married Mary Creekmore and moved to Kansas about 1875. Their children moved to Oklahoma in 1889.

I would like to correspond with anyone who descends from these families.—Anna Harman Bowman, 226 S. W. 44th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73109

Farmer-Pickett-Davis-Kite

I am looking for information on Charles Edward Farmer and his wife Evie Evline Pickett. They had a son, Marion Cass Farmer, born in Decatur, Texas in 1890.

I would also be interested in hearing about Hillburn Astern Davis, probably from Georgia; or David Kite from Dublin, Texas born March 22, 1846, died December 22, 1884 and was married to Martha A. Rhymes.—Judith Robbins, 3208 Hill Ave., Snyder, Texas 79549

Lemuel Sanford Bowers

I wish to correspond with anyone who may have information concerning Lemuel Sanford Bowers, could be known as L. S. Bowers or Sandy Bowers. I am only interested in factual information concerning his life and family prior to 1859. He was born in 1833 in Madison County, Illinois. The men in his family seemed to use initials rather than names, his father is referred to as F. F., his brother as J. J., and another with just the initial A. He may have had a sister or sister-in-law named H. Jane Bowers. His mother may have remarried a man named Liesley or Lesley and given birth to a daughter by the name of Olive, about 1854.

The Census of 1830, '40, and '50 do not show this family in Madison County, Illinois; however, the Census of 1860 shows a Lemuel Bowers in Calhoun County who may have been a relative. Madison and Calhoun Counties were very near St. Louis, Missouri and it has been said that L. S. Bowers became a muleskinner, traveling over the plains to California from Missouri. It is very possible that he was born in Illinois, but grew up in Missouri.

Any and all factual, preferably documented, material will be greatly appreciated.—Barbara J. Jeffries, P. O. Box 178, Independence, California 93526

Bowen-Flamm

I would like information on my great-grandparents. Here is what I have. Catherine Bone, changed to "Bowen," was born in Toronto, Canada on December 29, 1846 and died on May 10, 1921 in (Independence Madison) Rexburg, Idaho. My great-grandfather, John Daniels Flamm or German name, Wilhelm Gottlob Frederick Flamm, was born April 11, 1847 in Metzingin Schwartz, Germany. They were married December 3, 1914 in (Independence) Rexburg, Idaho. His father's

(Continued on page 58)

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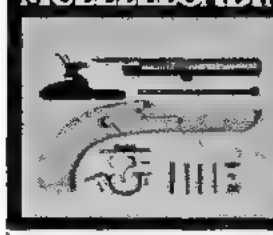

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Horse Herders

(Continued from page 27)

going back home. I'll bet he is lost somewhere."

A conference was soon held which included Eva and Dan. The night was dark and chilly and everyone knew that George had worn no coat when he left. Seth said, "I'll take one of your saddle horses and ride to all of our neighbors around here and inquire. I won't be gone long because I know all the trails in these woods."

Eddie took the other pony and went out hunting more saddle stock so we could all go out if Seth was unable to locate Big George. I went on foot to help Eddie. By the time we had our horses corralled Seth was back from his ride with the news that no one had seen George that day.

As we saddled four fresh horses in the dark it was suggested that we fill our pockets with matches in case we got lost too. Dan Smith said, "Boys, Seth and I have several brush piles on our cleared land. We will fire a pile and keep it burning so you will be able to get back home. Don't go farther than you can see the light from our brush pile or you will all get lost. Spread out about a quarter of a mile apart and shout loud enough so that all can be plainly heard. Be sure to keep our light at your back, and watch for his fire too—if he has one."

Little Bill said, "He'll have one. George always carries his pipe and plenty of matches. He has been our fireman along the trail for a month and you can be sure it will be a big bonfire if George makes it."

Seth explained where he had last seen George, and about the horses on the burned-over sidehill where George intended to go. From the creek we spread out nearly a mile wide and rode out into the dark woods with the light of the fire behind us. In some places black alder brush was so thick we could not get through it and were obliged to detour. We would shout and shout. Another would answer and shout some more.

WE RODE miles that night but not one of us had any sense of direction. We were thinking of all the things that could happen to a man carrying a small rifle. If he shot at a bear it would eat him alive. If he tripped on a snag he could easily fall on his rifle and put the shell off. Many bad thoughts were crossing our minds while we strained our eyes looking for a bonfire in the woods and our own light behind us. We rode that Sunday night until our brush-pile light got so dim it was unsafe to go farther. Then we all got together and spread out once more on different ground for the return home.

We were glad to get back to the creek as it was the only landmark we knew, and the brush piles had burned up. However, it was breaking daylight by then. We were mighty tired and discouraged.

It didn't take Whalebone long that morning to bake up a stack of hotcakes while some of us sliced up the roast moose and brewed a gallon of coffee. As soon as breakfast was finished, Seth saddled up and rode once more to visit all his neighbors. He wanted to get them all out on a manhunt that Monday morning.

Dan Smith took his Model T and started to Pouce Coupe to notify the police, but to lose less hunting time he stopped at Tupper Creek and used the telephone. For some unknown reason, the police didn't come out for a week.

We organized ourselves as well as possible. Rawhide had corralled nearly all our saddle stock while Seth was riding the trails for help. Several of the younger men wanted to ride a horse but the older men preferred to hunt on foot.

"Decisions—decisions—decisions!"

And frankly, some settlers knew the surrounding country while others didn't know it any better than we wranglers did.

I decided to walk to the creek and look for George's tracks. By then, nine or ten riders were out and several men were searching on foot, but where any of them traveled I'll never know.

I found some of George's tracks where he had taken a drink near the log culvert, and a few more on the burned-over sidehill. I also found a place where he had sat on an old windfall log. Occasionally I could pick up a track leading toward the creek, but it was tedious work hunting tracks on the dry earth. I searched the creek for a mile or more just thinking he might have fallen into it, or was sick, or dead.

I was not much used to walking as most of my life had been spent in a saddle, but I covered my share of miles all day Monday. Before dark that evening I found George's tracks at the log cabin with the padlock on its door. I tracked him around the house and found the direction he had left to enter the alder brush, leaving a very indistinct trail for me to follow. I had found the direction that we should hunt, but as it was full darkness by then I followed the creek back to the culvert, from where I got back to Seth's cabin safely.

All the manhunters were home ahead of me. I listened to the conversation and guessed that the riders had gone in all directions crossing each other's tracks. I told them what I had found, and then tried to give Whalebone a hand in feeding the gang. He had been baking biscuits for an hour, and had enough meat cooked for everyone. There were gallons of coffee consumed with that supper, served cowboy style with our plates on our laps.

GEORGE by then had been missing for thirty-four hours and serious thoughts were taking a grip on our horse-wrangling crew. As soon as I finished my supper that evening I went to the corral behind the stable and saddled a fresh horse. I told Seth I intended to ride down a cutline to a settlement known as Kelly Lake. The cutline was a place where all the trees had been taken off to a width of sixty-six feet, but no road had yet been built there.

Seth mentioned something about landmarks of the country. I sat on my horse and listened closely, as I knew nothing of that area. "If you ever think you are lost, just look for that high point behind the lake. It's a large hill that will cover 600 acres. It is very high and has a big clump of spruce trees growing on its top. That butte is known as 'Chin Whiskers.' There is a cutline near it which passes the lake and goes by this property. If in doubt always look for Chin Whiskers and you can always get home."

FEELING very sorry that Big George knew nothing about Chin Whiskers Butte, I started out alone on another dark night, down the cutline to a settlement about twelve miles away. I had a big handful of matches in my pocket and I shouted as loud as I could all that twelve miles to Kelly Lake.

An old-time Indian trail ran the same direction as the cutline but the cutline had been made fairly straight while the Indian trail was crooked. In fact, it crossed the cutline back and forth about every hundred rods. At each of these crossings I dismounted and lit some matches, hunting for a man's large boot mark which I would have known anywhere. I was sure if Big George had found the cutline he would surely have followed it, but might have taken the opposite direction from home. I used a pocketful of matches and called "George" a thousand times, but I didn't see a track nor hear an answer.

It was near daylight when I got back to Seth's log cabin, weary and more discouraged than ever. The floor of the cabin was forty feet long and it was full of sleeping men when I entered the house. I stepped on some and over some in the dark as I made my way to a bunk where Whalebone slept and crawled in with him. I was dead tired from lack of sleep as this was my second night out. I rested some but slept very little. The

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night had been cold while riding, and I kept thinking about my old friend without a coat.

I hadn't been in the bunk very long before Whalebone began to stir around making breakfast. Quite early on Tuesday morning I led eight young riders, mounted on our gentlest horses, away from the deserted log house with the padlocked door. I showed them the direction George's tracks had gone from there.

They had all been given strict orders about what to do, as there was to be no crossing of the other fellow's tracks that day. Some of the settlers who were walking on this hunt claimed to know something about the bushland, and Seth had trapped most of this territory so I depended on his judgment to find our way back home. I lined the riders up similar to the way we had been on Sunday night, and I took the outside circle. We were to keep shouting and be sure of an answer from each other.

They all seemed eager to find George before sundown, and we scoured a wide strip of country toward the Cutbank River, riding over windfalls and around willow and alder thickets. The shouting was perpetual. Seth had said the safest way was to go in that direction, and before the sun set to swing some other direction and find a cutline that we could follow home in the dark.

There was no sign of smoke nor could anyone find where a campfire had been freshly made. About noon I noticed I wasn't hearing any shouting to my right so I angled more that way, calling out. In less than thirty minutes it seemed I could hear someone talking, yet no one answered my shouts. Hoping the lost man was found, I rode to where I had heard those voices and discovered an outlet to a small lake where two of the young riders had bogged their horses trying to cross it. From lack of sleep and worry I was not really pleased to see this sort of carelessness which would cause another delay.

I put my lariat on a pony's neck and with his floundering was able to pull him clear with my saddle horse. We soon had both boys going again but the sun was much lower in the sky. I had visions of another sunset in a few hours without our man being found.

A short time before sundown I again could not hear a rider's voice, and again I was much concerned. I swung well to the right until I found all the men who had been walking, and most of the riders, sitting on a log doing some planning. They were ready to circle to the cutline somewhere in that wilderness of trees. Seth was the last man off the log, and just before he left it he put his hands over his mouth someway and made a beller similar to an Indian warwhoop. A very faint voice, that seemed to be half a mile farther on, answered.

I had not dismounted from my horse, and I rode away from there in a hurry, wondering if the voice we had heard was that of Big George or one of the riders who had not come in to the log. I rode as fast over logs and clumps of brush (similar to a hurdle jumper) as my horse could take me, calling "George" as loud as I could shout. Finally, I heard a faint sound which I recognized as his voice. I crossed a small creek that was flowing slowly, and looking up on a half open sidehill I saw my old friend leaning against the charred stub of a tree and holding the small rifle in his hand. I called out to George and rode up to him. "Curly," he said, "I knew you would come for me, but I began to feel it might be too late. I need water."

I stepped off my horse and shook his hand and said, "Come along with me." I had just crossed a little brook in the valley. I put his arm over my shoulder and steadied him as we trudged along down the hill toward the creek. When we reached the water I warned him not to drink more than a few swallows.

I said, "Seth has a lunch for you. There's soup too, and the boys have some water with them. You can have a few more swallows when we get back there to them."

After George had taken a second small swig of water, more riders appeared and they helped me load the big fellow onto my horse. He lay flat across the saddle horn with his head near the pony's neck. I grasped his left pants-leg in my hand to steady him, and walked and led my horse that half mile back to the men at the log.

This was a very happy moment for the manhunters—to know they had accomplished the big task they had set out to do, and see George's smile. Seth gave George the soup he had carried and watched as it was relished to the last drop.

As we watched the sun go down, some of us were just as lost as the big fellow had ever been. Seth said, "Just follow me, Curly, and I'll get you back home easily enough."

I followed him, leading my horse which carried our tired sick friend. Walking in high heeled riding boots over all kinds of snags and burned logs I knew would not be easy; my heels were already blistered, and it would be several hours before we could get home to another feed of hot cakes and moose meat.

About nine o'clock that Tuesday night we reached Peavine Creek and followed it the rest of the way. When I arrived at Seth's log cabin my hunger pains were terrible. (I could imagine how George must have felt during those three days and two nights without any food or water.) In the lamplight, George resembled an overgrown scarecrow in a corn field. His eyes were dreadfully sunken; his arms and hands were almost black from brushing against so many burned stumps. His face was black and grimy with a heavy growth of beard. My sister Eva took charge of him and he was transferred to the Smith cabin to be fed a proper diet for his condition.

When George began to recover he would watch the sun rise in the morning. It never seemed to rise in its proper place. He had learned all about Chin Whiskers Butte as a landmark where the new cutline went by the lake. He felt certain that old butte would stay in the same place and not move around as the sun seemed to do. George would often look at the clump of spruce trees on the top of that high hill and thank God for such landmarks. In that big new country a tired and weary traveler needed all the help he could get to make it home.

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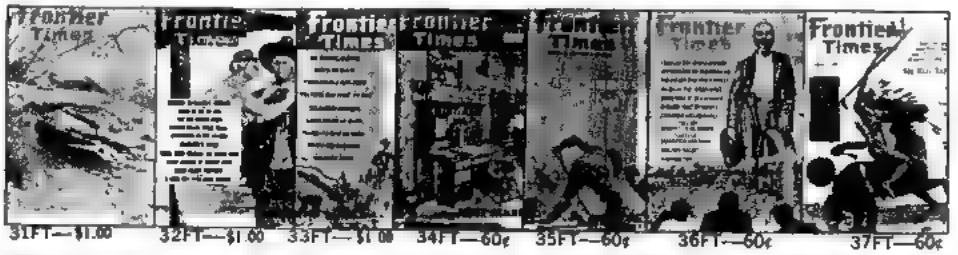

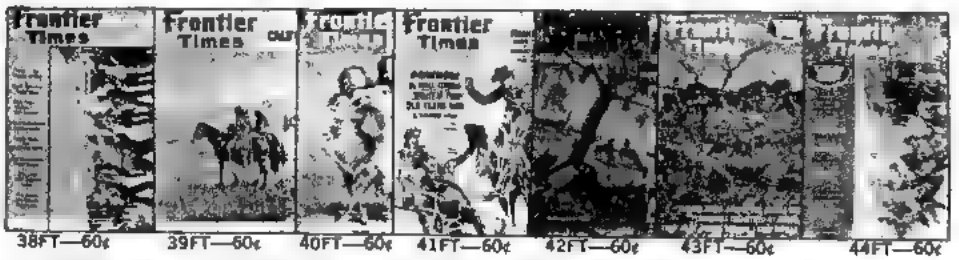

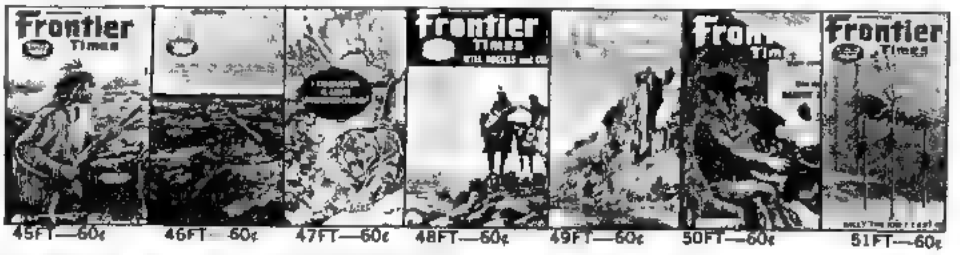

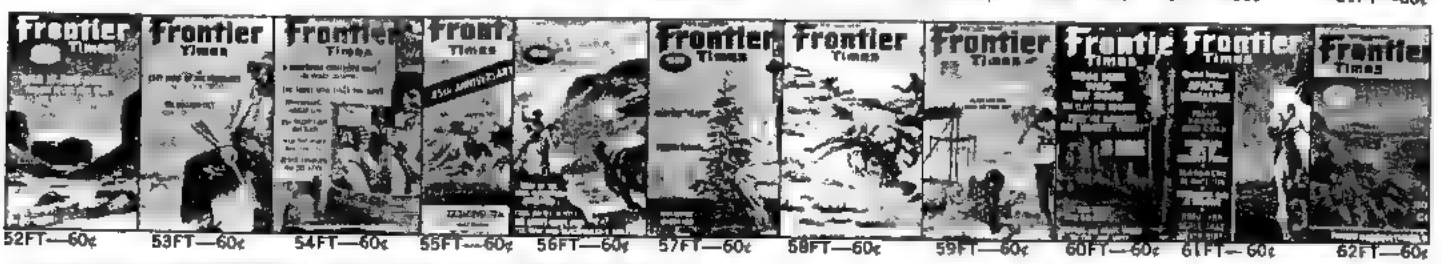

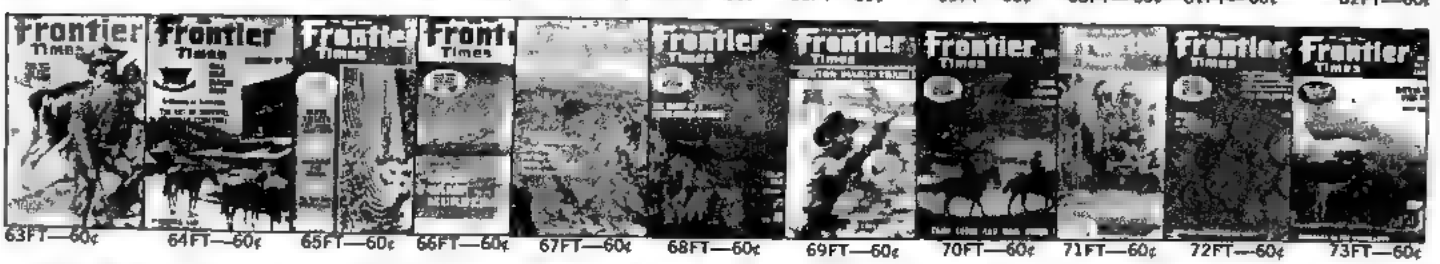

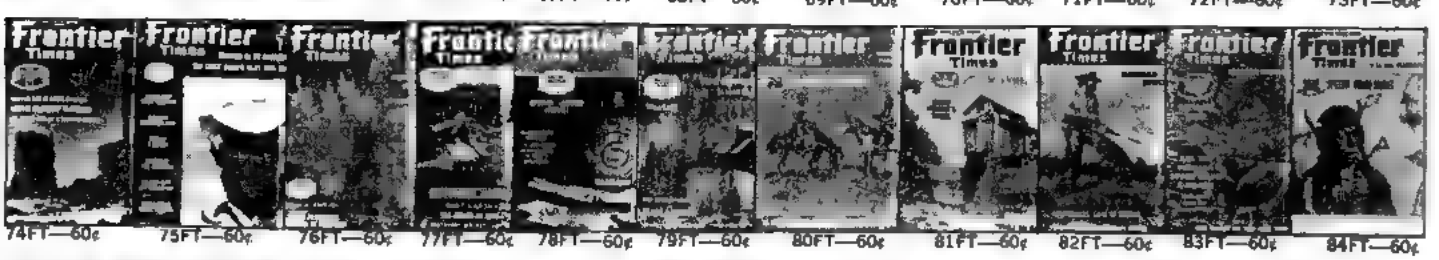

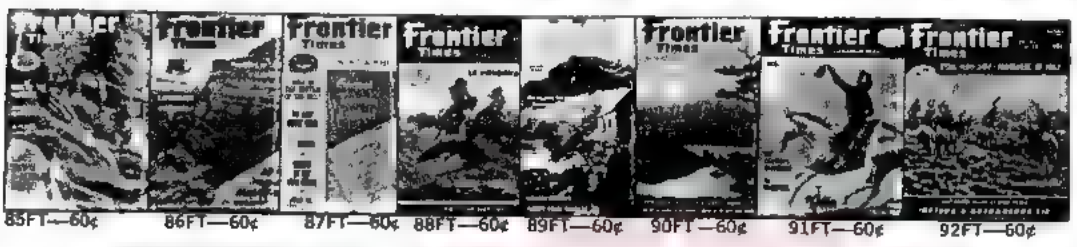

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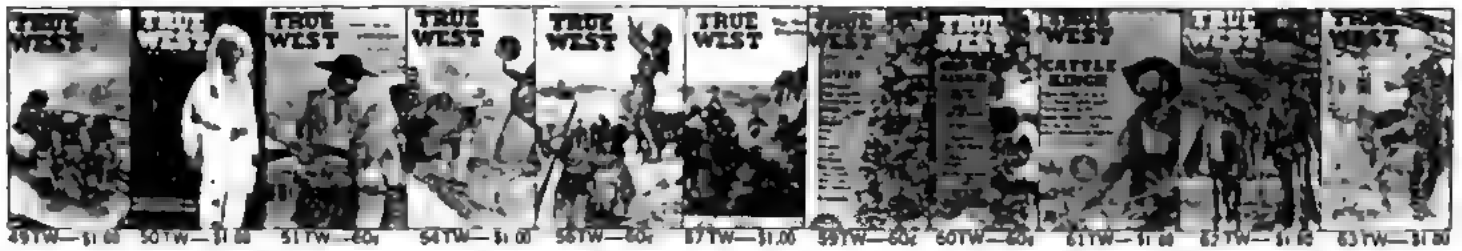

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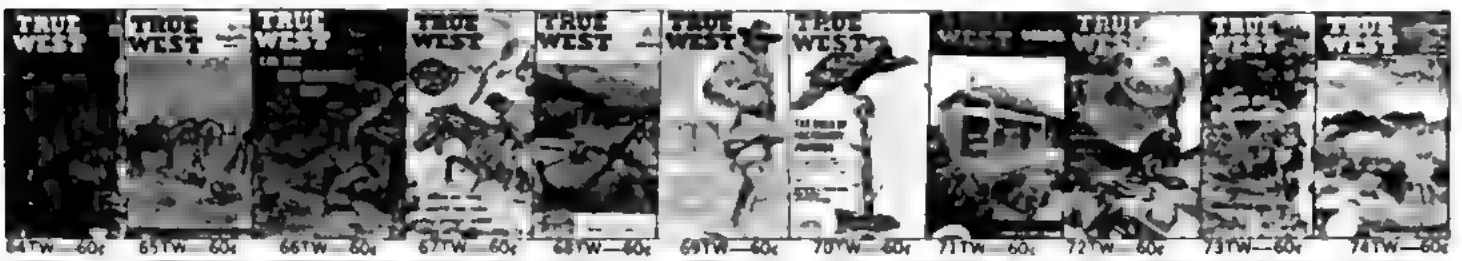

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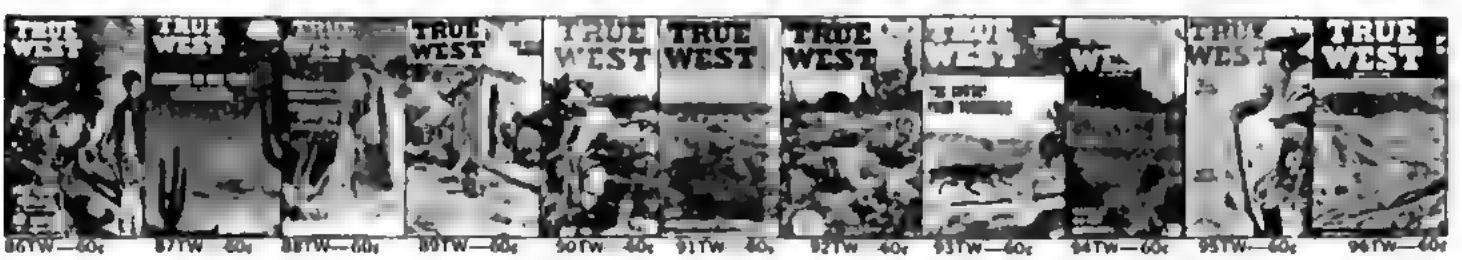

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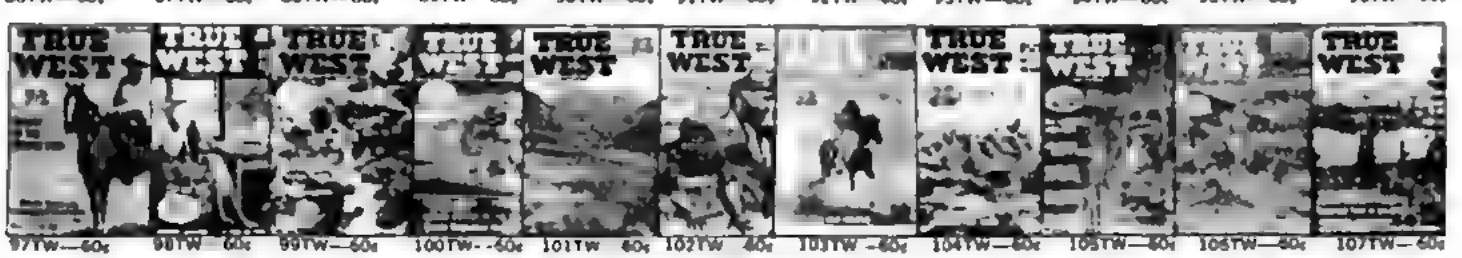

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(Continued from page 53)

name is John Daniel Flamm and his mother is Phillipine Rosine Heinrich Kreig. The childrens' names are Charles Henry Flamm, born August 12, 1867 in Toronto, Canada, married Alice Viola Simmons November 3, 1929; Ellen Ella Flamm, born October 29, 1870 in Fairview, Pennsylvania and married Herum Pelton; Frederick Flamm, born October 7, 1879 in Fairview, Pennsylvania. Frederick never married, and he is buried at Fort Steele.

I don't know anything about my great-grandparents, so I would be pleased and grateful for any help from anyone.—Mrs. Dorothy Ivie, 671 South 5th West, Rexburg, Idaho 83440

Daniel (Daniels)

I am in need of information on the family of James W. and Miriam Boren Daniel (or Daniels). This family lived in Collin County and Denton County, Texas in the 1860s. Miriam was the daughter of a Collin County pioneer, William Boren.

Daniel children were Julia Ann, William, John, James, Christopher, Tennessee, and David.

Any correspondence relative to this family will be appreciated.—Richard Cowling, 106 Deer Trail Road, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Doyle-Dyal

John Doyle (Dyal) was a roustabout believed drowned when the *State* and *America* collided in 1868, and both boats burned to the water's edge. Years later, the mate told Doyle's brother, David, that John escaped. This was later verified by a list of survivors published in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. It was rumored that he went West, and also that he had a drayage business in East St. Louis, Illinois. He was born in Louis County, Kentucky. I'd like to get in touch with any of his descendants.— John Doyle, 8222 Camargo Road, Cincinnati, Ohio 45243

Fuller

I have been searching in vain for information about my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Fuller, who married James Albert (Jim) Mosley about 1838 in Greenville, Alabama. They moved to Texas in 1852 and lived principally in Madison County. Elizabeth's sister married a member of the Cheatham family. She and Jim are buried at Bethel Cemetery in Grimes County, Texas. She died about 1862 and he in 1876. Any information will be appreciated.—Mrs. N. M. Stout, 4114 Lemac, Houston, Texas 77025

Dorsey

I need information on Joe and Jessie Willett Dorsey whose last known address was McMaster Street, Amarillo, Texas in 1932. Also any information regarding my grandfather, Joe Willett of Oklahoma in the pioneer days, will be appreciated. —Delaney D. Willett, 1930 Lucky Street, Bakersfield, California 93307

Henley-Wilson-Davis

I am trying to find some information on my mother or her relatives. She was born Mary Lou Henley in either Denton or Denison, Texas. After her divorce from my father, Walter Wilson, she reportedly married a man by the name of Davis. She would be about eighty years old.—Walter W. Davis, 21739 Old Rollins Road, Lake Villa, Illinois 60046

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

BEST BUFFALO BOOK!

What J. Frank Dobie did for the Longhorn, Mustang and Coyote in his fine books, Dave Dary has done for the American Bison in *The Buffalo Book* (Swallow, $15.00). There are many similarities too—Dary has used the successful Dobie formula of combining fact, folklore and fiction into an entertaining and informative narrative. Dary must be given the nod for thorough research on the biological history of the great American beast—and if his writing lacks the lilt of Dobie in *The Mustangs*, he has included enough of the legendary tales to provide excellent balance. The importance of the buffalo in the lives of the American Indians has been emphasized in a number of other books as has the slaughter of the great herds for meat and hides. Adequate coverage of these events is provided but there is much more—the attempts of the Spanish settlers to domesticate the buffalo in the sixteenth century; the first attempts at conservation; the crossing of the buffalo with cattle; the legends of the white buffalo and surely a first, a 1972 census of the buffalo with locations and notes on the commercial production of buffalo meat. From a low of 800 in 1895 as determined by Ernest Thompson Seton, the Dary survey located over 30,000 buffalo in North America—a far cry from the "millions" reported by numerous travelers in the West from 1800 to 1870, but the population trend is slowly and surely upward. So completely does the text cover the entire subject that it fully merits a "definitive" rating—not often awarded in this column. The text is enhanced with over 150 illustrations including drawings by Lougheed, Remington, Russell, Seton et al, an excellent bibliography, adequate notes and an index. The Old Bookaroos are pleased to highly recommend this book by our former fellow member of the Potomac Corral, The Westerners.

MODERN RANCH LIFE

Big Outfit, Ranching on the Baca Float (University of Arizona Press, $3.95 paper, $7.50 cloth) by Robert L. Sharp represents the author's pleasant memories of an Arizona ranch and cowboys in the 1930s and '40s. A large ranch in northwestern Arizona, Baca Float was part of the estate of Colonel William C. Greene, a bon vivant copper miner and rancher in Sonora, Mexico and Arizona. With a partner, Sharp ran a greasy sack spread in Sonora adjacent to Greene's million-acre Cananea ranch. Greene died in 1911 and soon Charles E. Wiswall became general manager and later married Bill Greene's widow. Afterward, Sharp worked for Wiswall on the Cananea ranch. From 1937 to 1952 he was manager of the Baca Float which grew to include over 300,000 acres and was touted as being one of the best drought- and winter-proof year-round spreads in the Southwest. With the help of several trusted cowboys, Sharp developed a herd of sturdy productive cattle, constructed adequate watering points and fenced vulnerable boundaries. The reader is treated to sidelights that make ranching interesting, such as roundup, wayward cowboys on a binge, splitting blankets, cattle rustling, weathering a devastating blizzard, and skinning cattle swappers. Here is a good new one for cattle collectors.

PIONEER COWMAN

The Dakota Sioux held undisputed domain over the "West River" country from Pierre to the Black Hills when James "Scotty" Philip eyed the grassy plains as his potential cattle ranching area. *West from Fort Pierre* (Westernlore Press, $7.95) is James M. Robinson's Dakota history of the Scot's adventures and successes in turning the West River country into his private principality. Being adventuresome, exploitive and canny, Scotty cashed in on his pioneering experiences as scout, guide, messenger, teamster, bullwhacker and rancher, and became independently wealthy. His marriage to a half-blood Cheyenne woman gave him an Indian headright and an inside track in obtaining large holdings of Indian grazing lands. The author worked on the spread after Scotty died. Robinson fills his book with rugged experiences of cowboying among the dissident Sioux, the nightmares of homesteading the stubborn Pierre shale soils surrounded by four Indian Reservations. There are thumbnail biographies of cowboys, Indians, and homesteaders that always liven good regional histories. We learn how Scotty survived a rattlesnake bite and the aftermath of the whiskey treatment that was worse than the bite; how he established a buffalo reserve; and how he helped Indians and destitute white homesteaders. A South Dakota hero, Philip's contributions were recognized by The Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center at Oklahoma City which said of him as follows: "James Philip, Scot-born prospector, freightor, cowboy, buffalo preserver, friend of the Indians, who left a lasting impression on his new land." Well recommended.

PICTORIAL HIGHS!

Nature lovers everywhere should be entranced with *The High West* (Viking Press, $12.95) by Les Blacklock and Andy Russell. The mountains can be called the showcase of the West. The book's opening narrative defines the catalytic influences which make mountains electrify the human mind and corpus. Here the young part of the continent rises up in pristine elegance to characterize the Far West. At first sight of their snowy backs, the fur trappers called them the "land of the shining mountains." Their high catchments store winter snows to feed the streams where fur-bearing animals thrive, wildlife drink, and now, farms and cities survive on this dependable source of essential water. Here also is where the western mineral wealth is buried and where recreation-bound tourists refresh themselves. Seldom will a reader see so many large colored photographs of mountain scenery, streams, forests, wildflowers and thrusting peaks. There are also brilliant shots of birdlife, bighorns, Rocky Mountain goats, antelope, deer, elk, moose, grizzlies, black bear, rodents, wolves and bobcats. Real quality.

BLACK PIONEERS

California's Black Pioneers, A Brief Historical Survey (McNally & Loftin, $6.95) by Kenneth G. Goode provides an informative account of black men's contributions to western development. While the author emphasizes the role of this minority race in California, he begins with the African slave trade in Spain and gradual introduction of blacks into the Western hemisphere. We learn that most of the Spanish exploring expeditions carried slaves and mulattos. Esteban, a slave, wandered lost for several years across Texas and northwestern Mexico with Cabeza de Vaca and was the first European to see the Moqui villages on a Spanish treasure hunt for the mythical Golden Cities of Cibola. York, a Negro, was with Lewis and Clark. Jim Beckwourth, a mulatto, and several others were mountain men and U. S. soldiers who played a part in pioneer California history. Pio Pico, a mulatto, was Governor of California prior to American annexation of the state. The author, an Afro-American citizen of California, has written an authentic history about his people without racial partisanship. He also indentifies blacks in their modern role as forthright citizens, many of whom are local and state legislative leaders, schoolteachers, peace officers, etc. Well done.

CUSTERIANA

With the 100th anniversary of the Battle of the Little Big Horn just around the corner the number of reprints and new books about it and Custer will be certainly great. The Custeriana Series selected, edited and introduced by historian John M. Carroll and published by Sol Lewis in New York, will provide reprints of some of the rarest and most avidly sought books about the general and the Seventh Cavalry. Each volume in the series will carry as a trademark a Nick Eggenhofer drawing of the battle. The printing of each volume will consist of

500 copies and it seems certain that by the time of the actual anniversary the issue will be exhausted and most of the volumes rated as "scarce."

Comanche ($12.50) by Barron Brown was first published in Kansas City in 1935 and the issue was so small that it has been nigh impossible to find a copy in recent years. Comanche has been billed as the lone 7th survivor of Custer's command but other 7th horses did fall into the hands of the Indians during and after the battle. Comanche was wounded and left on the battlefield. He was found and nursed back to health by Lieutenant (later General) Hugh A. Scott who joined the 7th immediately after the battle. Comanche became the pet of the regiment and by an unusual special order in 1878 was relieved of all duties except appearing "saddled, bridled, draped in mourning, and led by a mounted trooper of Troop I" on ceremonial occasions. Comanche died in 1891 and his remains were mounted and can be seen in the Dyche Museum at the University of Kansas. Brown's rather simple, straightforward story is enhanced by an informative preface by Colonel Philip M. Shockley and with a tribute in his introduction by Colonel Clarence C. Clendenen. In addition to the Eggenhofer series trademark, there is a drawing of Captain Keogh mounted on Comanche in the thick of the battle by Nick. Recommended.

Old Neutriment ($15.00) is the story of his nine years with Custer by John Burkman, a private in the 7th, as told to I. D. (Bud) O'Donnell and written down and edited by Glendolin Damon Wagner. Burkman could not read or write but he was good with horses and dogs and served as Custer's orderly. He was completely loyal to Custer and his memory and he adored Mrs. Custer, who on occasion patched up the spats between the General and Old Neutriment. Burkman was old and bitter before he finally told his very pro-Custer story. Dustin finds many faults with the book and Carroll in his scholarly introduction finds many faults with Dustin's corrections—a situation that arises when anti (Dustin) meets a pro (Carroll). Old Neutriment's story is of minor military historical value but is a major contribution to our knowledge of the personal lives of the Custers. Recommended.

Five Years in the United States Army ($13.50) by Rev. John E. Cox was first published in Owensville, Indiana in 1892. It is rare and expensive. Don Russell provides a great introduction—pointing out that despite Cox's lack of combat experience in the Indian Wars that he recorded the enlisted man's way of life (important social history) in a period when very few of the troopers had the time or talent to write. Cox served from 1872-1877 and rose to the rank of sergeant in the First Infantry. The material on the Little Big Horn included in his book was from hearsay. It may be not completely accurate but it was what the Army enlisted men believed about the battle at the time. An entertaining volume.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 57)

Georgie two. But the day came that Papa gave in.

Where to get the picture taken? Beatrice was the county seat only twenty miles away from the little town of Virginia where we lived. A train coming in at ten o'clock in the morning would take us to Beatrice and a returning train would deposit us back at the Virginia depot in late afternoon.

Who would go with Mama to speak in her stead and help with the children since Papa was too busy in the fields to waste his time on such a dilatory mission? My sixteen-year-old cousin, Marie, worked for a family on a farm nearby. Mama called on her to beg leave for the day and accompany us. Marie appeared a young lady of worldly wisdom in our eyes because she had worked the winter before for a family in Beatrice.

"What do you mean—shopping is <u>such</u> fun?"

Marie came over to our house the night before we were to leave. She washed Rosie's and my hair and rolled it up in rag strips. She frowned and yanked impatiently because my short stubborn locks refused to conform like Rosie's long pliant tresses. As Marie combed us out the next morning she sighed heavily over her handiwork as depicted in me. Rosie's curls emerged in spiral waves; mine stuck out in wiry rebellion.

It was a hot July morning when Papa transported us in the spring wagon to the Virginia station. He assured us that he would meet the train when it brought us back at 6 o'clock that evening.

We sat stiff and awed on the hard seats as the wheels of the train rumbled beneath us and the countryside flew by the windows. James was the brave one who dared to get up on his knees and press his face against the windowpane for a better look.

WE REACHED Beatrice inside of an hour. First we had to shop for white dresses for the girls because that was standard photographic wear. I was dazzled with Rosie's lace-trimmed one that we found at the first store, and yearned for one just like it. No, my cousin said, there wasn't one in my size, and a plain one was just as good for a younger girl.

She bought several yards of pink ribbon for sashes around the waist and bows for our hair. She borrowed scissors from the clerk and snipped off long ties for Rosie—shorter ones for me—I was smaller and I didn't need as much. We bought shirtwaists and button-on short pants for the boys, then purchased black-ribbed stockings, and black shiny slippers all the way around. Mama grew weary with the heat and so much walking; Marie became irritable with all the shopping responsibility thrust upon her.

We rode an elevator in one of the stores—an absolute miracle in the eyes of us children. I was petrified. And then something happened that completely took me out of myself. A red-headed girl, about as old as my sister and looking terribly hot, suddenly lifted her green silk dress high over her head in a fanning motion. I was scandalized as black bloomers blossomed into full view of the passengers.

About that time Mother said, "*Kaddem*, it is hot!" Mama garbled the few English words she picked up and she was innocent of the real meaning of the swear word she'd uttered. In this instance, she had substituted a "K" for the "G" and it came out relatively mild.

My cousin measured Mama with scathing eyes. "Aunt!" she said sternly, "You are not on the farm! If you swear here they will put you in jail!"

My heart turned over. Mama had used a bad word. Someone had surely heard and would tell a policeman. Mama would be put in jail!

My fright gave way to still greater dread when we came to an old rickety stairway opening up from the street, and Marie herded us up the wooden steps. She opened a door and we entered the awe-inspiring setting of a photographer's shop.

Our hair was smoothed down, our ribbon bows perked up, our sashes readjusted. We were admonished not to move as we were grouped around a small table with Georgie sitting on top of it. We were told to look straight into the black draped box and smile.

My knees started to shake and I could not stop them. The sweat came out on my forehead and began to run down my face. I knew I looked terrible and had ruined the picture and would be a disgrace to the family.

THE photographer finally emerged from under his black hood for the last time and we were free to go. Mama gave Marie a dollar and told her to buy a loaf of bread and some bologna and we would go to the railway station to eat and wait on our return train home. "Water is to be had there so we can refresh ourselves," she said.

We sat on a long bench and ate hungrily. We took long drinks from a foun-

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tain that gushed a mysterious flow of water just by turning a knob. We were admonished to sit quietly, sedately, on the bench so we would not crumple our new clothing. We sat a long time. We edged to the end of the seat, crept to the adjoining bench and slowly, stealthily slid to the other end of it.

"You are wiping up all the dust in the station with your new clothes," Marie spoke irritably. "I will go ask the station master when the train will be in."

She came back looking red and flustered. "They have taken the train off its Virgina run two days a week and it is not running this afternoon—here we sit!"

"Now what?" Mama drew her breath sharply. "We have no money for a hotel—"

Marie bit her lip and looked angry and helpless at the same time.

"Marie," Mama ventured timidly, "you have acquaintances in the city—you worked here—maybe someone would take us in for the night—"

Marie measured us with scornful eyes. "Who would take so many of you? The Millers where I worked do not have children—they would not want a bunch of children on their fine furniture, their wool rug—"

"We must try," Mama spoke with a sharpness born of despair.

Marie glared at us. "I want it understood you will sit on a chair when we get there. You will say 'no' if they ask if you want something to eat. And for God's sake, don't anyone wet the bed tonight."

We stood in shamed silence. She knew full well none of us ever wet the bed—why, even the baby woke up dry.

"Aunt, let me carry the baby," she said brusquely—almost kindly.

NEVER had I seen such a pretty smiling couple as the Millers. And such a shiny beautiful house! They greeted Marie warmly. They were solicitious of Mama, and they smiled sweetly at us children sitting in subdued, awed silence. Mrs. Miller cuddled Georgie in her arms and wouldn't give him up and Mr. Miller hefted James and bragged on his muscles. They asked Rosie all kinds of questions and she answered them because she'd already gone to school a year and could speak English. They asked me questions, too, but I didn't know the English words to answer.

Then Mr. Miller picked me up and set me on his lap. I held my legs out straight ahead of me so that I wouldn't get any dust on his suit with my shoes. I was sure I was breaking all of Marie's rules on good behavior and I sat stiff and humiliated until he put me down.

Mrs. Miller asked if we were hungry and we shook our heads hard to say no. She made lemonade and gave us each a glassful. We shook our heads again when she asked to refill our glasses.

I remember a clean white bed. I remember a breakfast of dry cereal and golden toast. I remember a long rambling day downtown as we waited on the train next day, and how good it was to get home again.

We watched the mailbox eagerly for our pictures. Marie came to visit one day and told us, "Mrs. Miller would like a picture of the children. She wrote that her husband has taken a special shine to Mary."

I heard this bit of news with a glow of pleasure but I had the horrible feeling the picture would show my shaking legs and Mr. Miller wouldn't like me anymore. He would think I was a scared silly girl.

When the pictures arrived, I couldn't wait to take a quick look. My legs weren't blurred! I was standing still and straight and even my face didn't look scared. I was so relieved I began laughing for no reason at all and everyone wondered what I found so funny.

Mama viewed the picture with pride. "By all means let us send a picture to the young couple who were so kind to us," she told Marie.

Today my grandchildren look at the solemn little girl in the picture and say, "We can't tell you were one bit scared, Grandma."

And I reply, "Maybe not, but you've never faced a little black box and thought you were disgraced for life!"

THE GUNNY SACK KID MAKES GOOD

By Roberta M. Clark

WILLIAM C. STOVER was a member of the Territorial Legislature in 1876 and a member of the Convention which drew up the Constitution of Colorado. But he wasn't always a success.

He started out well enough. When he was nineteen years old in 1860 he arrived in the Big Thompson Valley when there were only twenty people in the area. His father had provided him with horses, a wagon, clothing, blankets, and provisions. He traded the horses and wagon for a squatter's claim a mile south of where Loveland is today. And then began his struggle for survival.

Seed potatoes were high in the spring of '61 when he planted them. Then his money and food ran out and he had to dig up the potatoes and eat them. He managed somehow to exist till winter and then all his resources ran out. All he had to wear were one pair of blue denim overalls so patched that none of the original material remained—and a pair of moccasins he had made from gunny sacks.

Stover went into town to see if his friend J. N. Hollowell, a classmate from Indiana, could lend him money. Hollowell couldn't, but W. B. Osborn of Boulder lent him $8 for some boots, and Hollowell gave him some gunny sacks to take home. Using his overalls for a pattern, Stover cut out some burlap pants which lasted him till spring.

In 1862 he had earned enough money doing odd jobs to plant and harvest hay. He paid off his loan, and in 1863 sold his claim and went to Virginia City to see the Gold Rush. Next he made a trip home to South Bend, Indiana, and borrowed money for a freighting outfit. With several wagons he took supplies to Montana, sometimes making $5,000 a trip. Flour was $100 a sack.

In 1867 Stover sold his freight outfit and returned to the Big Thompson Valley where he bought part interest in a store. By then, gold had been discovered in Colorado and he was successful in several ventures, including some at Ft. Collins.

William C. Stover, farmer, freighter, merchant, bank president and legislator, grasped every opportunity that came his way—and made a few of his own!

Bisbee—The Queen of Copper

(Continued from page 9)

fered it to the Copper Queen. They refused to purchase it for the second time. Tom Cole then bought the property for a reported half-million dollars.

This was the beginning of the famous Calumet and Arizona Mining Company, organized in 1899. It survived until 1931, when it merged with the Phelps-Dodge Corporation. A shaft was started on the Irish Mag. It progressed deeper and deeper, with little success. Then, at the 700-foot level, a fabulous bonanza strike was made which yielded a reported fifteen million dollars in high-grade copper and silver ore.

Another tremendous body of high-grade copper ore was discovered on another claim, and named the "Campbell" orebody for Gordon Campbell, chairman of the board of directors of the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company at the time of its discovery.

Everyone thought either the Copper Queen or the Calumet and Arizona controlled all the worthwhile orebodies in the Bisbee District. Then, Bisbee met Lem Shattuck!

L. C. Shattuck came from Erie, Pennsylvania to Sulphur Spring Valley, north of Bisbee, where he worked as a cowboy. He developed an interest in mining, and went to Globe, Arizona where he became a partner in a gold placer mine. Shattuck invested his money in the claim, which they were developing to sell. As they accumulated flakes of gold from their placer operations, they deposited them in a glass jar for displaying to any prospective investor.

One evening Shattuck decided to go into Globe. His partner had been gone all day on business. He stopped in a saloon for a drink and was shocked to see his jar of gold on a shelf there. The barkeeper told him he had bought it from a man who was in a hurry to leave town that afternoon.

Shattuck was immediately suspicious that the claim they were working was of doubtful value. He packed up his clothes and other items and moved first to Tombstone, but found little there to interest him. From Tombsone he started walking the twenty-six miles to Bisbee.

At the crest of Mule Pass Shattuck stopped to rest. Later, he is said to have said to himself, "Here is where I am going to stay!"

Shattuck secured a job as a trammer in the Copper Queen, pushing the ore cars in and out of the mine. On his time off, he scoured the nearby mountains. Near the top of one mountain overlooking Bisbee, he found what he wanted and located his claims. He and his wife start-

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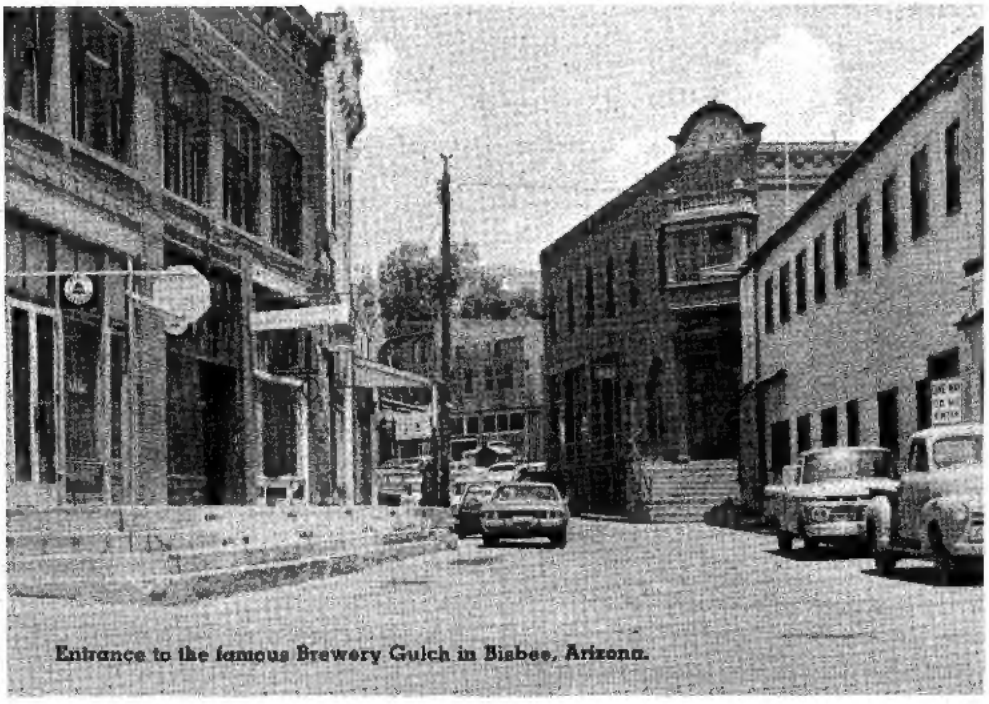

Entrance to the famous Brewery Gulch in Bisbee, Arizona.

ed a saloon and a lumber yard to finance the mine.

Their development work was successful, and another great mine was born. This one was to become known as the famous Shattuck-Denn and would bring further riches to Bisbee and to Arizona.

BISBEE grew with the mines; it became a boom town. Like Butte, Montana, Leadville, Colorado, and many other mining towns, the unusual was commonplace.

Main Street grew up Tombstone Canyon toward Mule Pass. Later when the streetcars came groaning and struggling up the steep and narrow streets, it became an art to guide even a narrow Model 'T' between the street car and the curb. Then, there was notorious Brewery Gulch, with O.K. Street clinging to the hill above it. Other thoroughfares, many mere paths, found their crooked narrow ways around the hills as best they could.

Stairs, reaching almost without end, served to permit residents to arrive at their homes. Residential areas, consisting of houses perched one above the other, were stacked row after row, with the front porch of one looking down on the roof of the house below. These arrangements made the numbering of houses impossible, and resulted in Bisbee's being the largest town in the United States without mail delivery, or even corner mail boxes. There were no corners! It was necessary for each family to have a post-office box or to call for General Delivery.

About the best directions which could be given to a stranger was to say that the family lived on Quality Hill, Chihuahua Hill, in Tombstone Canyon, Jiggerville, or on Sacramento Hill. Actually, to describe where a person lived was a nightmare.

One miner lived in a small adobe house near the base of the Sacramento Hill and just below the railroad tracks which went into Bisbee. One night he had just stepped out of the house when a huge boulder, probably loosened by blasting, crashed down the mountainside and came to rest on his bed, almost filling the bedroom. Many years later, the boulder could still be seen with parts of the iron bedstead protruding from it, a grim reminder of that fateful evening.

Furniture, stoves, pianos, and other items were delivered either on mule back or delicately balanced on men's backs. Mr. Brooks, owner of Brooks Apartments, told of carrying a heavy stove downhill and having his feet push out through the toes of his shoes! His three-story apartment house was built entirely of concrete "so an irresponsible tenant could build a fire in the middle of the floor and not burn the building down!" And sometimes they did try!

Most of Bisbee's citizens were little different from those who might be found in any city, town or village. A cross-section during the '20s when Bisbee was at its peak as an underground operation might find Harry Clark, general manager of the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company; L. C. Shattuck, colorful founder of the Shattuck-Denn; thoughtful A. J. Balmforth, mining engineer; James Brophy, businessman; Harry Lavender, chief engineer of the Calumet and Arizona Mining Company, later on the board of directors of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation; Harry Scofield, genial but demanding foreman in the Phelps-Dodge Mines; or Ralph Youtz, a spunky little engineer who liked his panguingui games —and who walked past a guard into a dynamite blast, resulting in his forehead being replaced with a metal plate. These and many others were all solid, substantial people.

On the other hand, as a person walked the streets or worked in its mines, one met many people not so conventional. There was "Copper Water Slim," a miner whose otherwise gray hair was tinged with green from the copper water in the mine. "Salvation Army Slim" was a lame mine employe who pounded the drum in front of a saloon near the mouth of Brewery Gulch, sometimes having to move quickly as someone was thrown bodily out through the swinging doors. There was still another "Slim" known as "West Virginia Slim," a hobo philosopher who made his appearance in Bisbee about January each year. He would work ten days and move on—he was the typical "ten-day-miner."

"Big Mike," a Slav, wore a small black hat perched so precariously on the side of his head that it was a mystery what kept it in place. He seemingly challenged anyone he met to knock it off as he paraded up and down the street of Brewery Gulch.

THIS great mining area disgorged from the mouths of its tunnels and shafts, wealth now estimated at two billion dollars—for Bisbee, for Arizona, and for the nation.

George Warren, a man whose name is so closely entwined with Bisbee, and who had been traded by the Apaches for a sack of sugar, lived most of his pathetic life a miserable pauper. His fortunes never improved. One day, it is reported, he was found drunk and asleep in a new casket on display in front of a funeral home. A partner, Adkins, had him committed to a mental institution in Phoenix. Adkins did not think he would be released, and spent all of Warren's money. However, in time he was released, as his mental problems revolved around whiskey.

Warren went to Mexico to prospect, and soon found himself in peonage. A compassionate judge, G. H. Berry, paid his Mexican debt. Upon returning to the United States, Warren was placed on a small pension of supplies at the Copper Queen company store, some of which he probably traded for drinks.

One day George Dunn, a son of Jack Dunn, whom Warren had cheated, found him drunk in a gully. Although others had passed him by, Dunn had compassion for his father's faithless former partner. He carried Warren to the prospector's wretched hovel near the present entrance to Brewery Gulch. Warren contracted pneumonia. In his weakened condition he had little resistance. He died in a hospital a few days later, ending a wasted life.

In 1914, the Elks Lodge started a search for George Warren's grave. It was found in the poorer section of the Bisbee Cemetery. A primitive, rotted, wooden headboard marked simply with the letters; "G. W." marked George Warren's final resting place. The remains were moved to a prominent location near the entrance to the cemetery, and a monument was erected in keeping with the distinction of a man credited with the discovery of the fabulous Bisbee bonanza. A bronze plate on the front shows Warren leaning on a pick, with the inscription: "Erected A.D. 1917 to the Memory of George Warren, Pioneer Prospector, for whom the Warren Mining District is named."

Another bronze plate mounted on the side of the monument is inscribed: "George Warren. Born Unknown. Died 1892. Poor in Purse, Rich in Friends." Poetic, but untrue.

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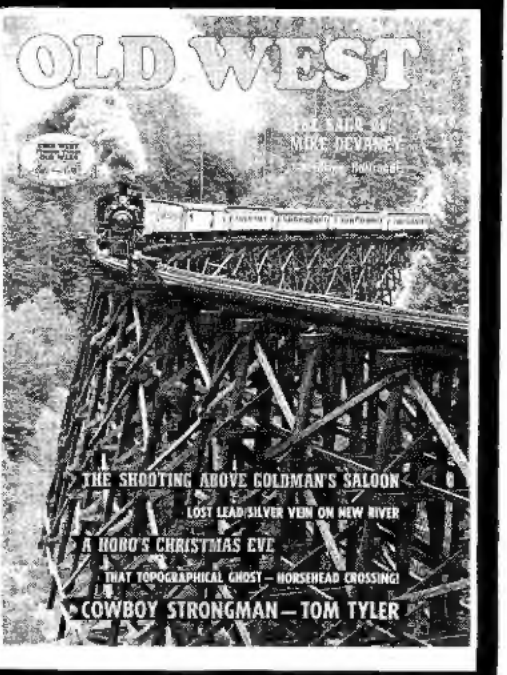
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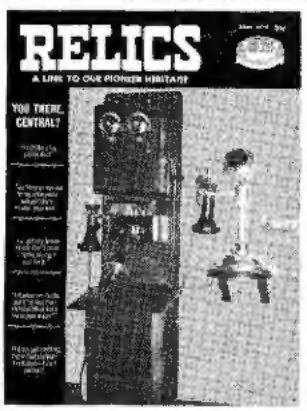

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